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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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THE FIRES ARE LIGHTED.

Were Lighted in Both Window Factories on Sunday and Monday.

WILL COMMENCE WORK ON DEC. 4.

General Resumption of Glass Making Early in December. Prospects for a Good Season.

The cheering news that both of our large window glass factories will start making glass early in December reached this place last Sunday and as proof of good faith the fires were put into the tanks of both factories. The fire in the Smethport glass factory was lighted Sunday evening and the Camp factory fires were started early Monday morning.

It usually takes about three weeks for the glass to melt sufficiently for blowing purposes and that means operations will begin early in December. Thomas Camp, manager of the Camp factory, informed the writer that it was their intention to start that factory on Friday, Dec. 4, and we understand that the Smethport factory will commence blowing at the same time.

At the meeting of the independent glass manufacturers, held at Columbus last week, it was decided to organize a new company, to include both syndicate and independent plants, to be known as the Manufacturers' Window Glass Co. From present indications a large majority of the plants in the country will become identified with the proposed concern and a committee is now at work securing the signatures of the manufacturers. Operations will be commenced throughout the United States immediately following the ratification of the committee's report, if favorable.

This plan seems to meet the approval of a large portion of the glass manufacturers and we feel safe in predicting that the scheme will go through. If it does the season will in all probability be a good one for both manufacturers and workers.

Stabbing Affray.

Sunday evening Constable Jones went to to Cole Creek and arrested an Italian, named Clemendo Crisci, on the charge of assault with intent to kill on a fellow workman, named Francesco Bracha, and lodged him in jail for hearing.

At the hearing before Justice Knapp Monday Crisci was held for his appearance at the next term of court in the sum of $1,000 bail, in default of which he was remanded to jail to await trial.

About the only thing that could be learned at the hearing was that Bracha had been stabbed in the back of the neck with a large knife; that he narrowly escaped death, and that Crisci had done the job. None of the witnesses could speak English and "Peanut John" was the interpreter, so the case was not made very clear. However, we have learned from other sources that the two Italians got into a quarrel while going to their camp from Ormsby and the cutting was the result.

At first it was reported that Bracha was dead, but he came to Smethport Monday where Dr. W. A. Ostrander dressed his wounds and he was able to be present at the hearing. He had one deep gash on the left side and back of his neck about four inches long and his face and left ear were slightly cut. The wound in the neck was very close to the jugular vein.

Children's Quarrel Causes Trouble.

Friday last Michael Pruess of Clermont caused the arrest of Charles Howard, Willie Howard, Blaine Thomas and Alfred Thomas, ranging in age from 10 to 13 years, charging them with throwing stones at his 11-year-old daughter, Mary. One of the stones, he alleges, hit Mary on the head inflicting a small wound.

The children were brought before Justice B. L. Knapp by Constable E. W. Jones for hearing Saturday morning and after hearing the stories of the interested parties he decided that it was simply a neighborhood quarrel among the youngsters and that all were equally to blame. The boys were therefore discharged.

S. L. Thomas, father of two of the boys, then made information against Michael Pruess, charging him with selling liquor without a license. Mr. Pruess furnished bail for his appearance for hearing before Justice B. L. Knapp this forenoon.

Monday Mr. Thomas withdrew the charge against Mr. Pruess and the matter was settled up.

The Most Popular

of all small heaters is the Lawrence Odorless. Just what you want for these chill days. Call and see our large display of all kinds of Heating Stoves.

Trading Stamps given.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Parker "Lucky Curve" is the best fountain pen made because it is always clean, works freely and does not leak in the pocket. Call at McCoy's Drug Store and see the large stock on exhibition.

Husband Threatens to Shoot.

There was considerable excitement on Main street Monday afternoon when it was learned that Henry Wright was searching for Dr. W. A. Ostrander with the avowed intention of taking his life. He carried a formidable looking revolver and there is no doubt but he would have done some damage had he met the doctor while he was thus enraged.

His son-in-law and partner in business, Myron Terwilliger, on learning of Mr. Wright's threat found him and took the revolver from him. He made an effort to find his rifle, but friends had hidden it. In the meantime Officer Jones met Mr. Wright, who told him he was going down town to see a man. They went down as far as Redfield's Hardware where Mr. Wright asked for a revolver and that point Constable Jones placed him under arrest.

He was taken before Justice Knapp where he said that Dr. Ostrander was responsible for his family troubles and made some other serious charges against him. He also made the statement that he intended to shoot the doctor and kill himself. Justice Knapp placed him under $1,000 bail and Mr. Wright's friends considered it best to let him go to jail until his desperate mood had subsided. Tuesday Mr. Wright realized that he had taken too strenuous a course the day before and his friends furnished him bail.

Yesterday morning a representative of the MINER interviewed Mr. Wright and following is his story which led up to the trouble. Some time ago Mrs. Wright and their baby went, as Mr. Wright supposed, to visit friends in Olean, but the latter part of last week he received a letter from his wife in Buffalo asking him to come there. When he arrived there he found that the baby was dead, having died from some trouble due to the change of milk, etc. Mrs. Wright seemed penitent for deceiving him as she had, and according to her story Dr. Ostrander was in part to blame for her leaving her home. The story of Mrs. Wright, coupled with the death of the child so wrought up Mr. Wright that when he came home Monday he was hardly responsible for his actions and while in that frame of mind he thought it his duty to slay the supposed home breaker. However, yesterday he was sorry that he had taken the course he did in the matter, although he is still of the belief that his wife told him the truth, and he says he has other proofs that such is the case.

Dr. Ostrander denies any acquaintance with Mrs. Wright other than in a business way and says that he was in no way responsible or a party to her leaving home, and that he is in no way responsible for their domestic troubles.

There are many stories going the rounds of the gossips in regard to this affair and undoubtedly all of them are more or less exaggerated. We have given the facts of the case as they were so far as the threatened shooting is concerned, and as to that which led up to the unfortunate affair we have given a condensed interview with both of the principals.

Both Mr. Wright and Dr. Ostrander are quite prominent in business and professional circles in town and our readers should not believe too much of the idle gossip of the streets.

The Oviatts as Hunters.

John B. Oviatt and his two sons of Norwich township still maintain their reputation of being the best and most successful hunters in this county. As proof of this they, while acting as guides to a party of hunters from Port Allegany, were the means of the party killing three handsome deer one day last week. There was one big buck, a doe and a fawn. Besides these Mr. Oviatt and his sons have killed two large black bears and assisted Smethport parties in getting another bear.

Some twenty-five years ago when Mr. Oviatt was a young man he contracted for a farm on the west branch of Potato creek and with his wife settled there. In those days deer, bears and other game was very plentiful. John B., as he is familiarly called by his many friends, was quite a noted hunter in those days and his prowess along this line stood him in good stead.

In the summer he worked faithfully on his farm and when the hunting season opened he spent his time in quest of big game, which often proved more profitable than farm work. He has often killed three or four deer in one day and then when a hunter was allowed to market his game this was very profitable and some seasons have netted him close to $1000. In this way Mr. Oviatt soon paid for his farm and kept his family very comfortably.

Mr. Oviatt is past 50 years of age but he is still able to give the best of them a lively day in the woods and can shoot as well as ever. He has always been a man of temperate habits and therefore strength and endurance are still his. Now, however, his sons take the brunt of the hard hunting trips and that they are "chips off the old block" is shown by their success.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

KILLED HIS WIFE'S LOVER.

Willis Peasley Stabs John Beardsley on Sunday in Bradford.

THE WOMAN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

Peasley Claims Self Defense and Waives Hearing—Brought to Smethport Yesterday.

The main street of Bradford was the scene of another terrible tragedy on Sunday afternoon last. John Beardsley of Tuna, a small town near Bradford, aged 21 years, was stabbed to death by Willis F. Peasley and Mrs. Peasley attempted to commit suicide.

It was shortly after 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the murder was committed. Peasley, who was frenzied with jealousy, was watching the movements of his wife and the latter's sister, who had gone out for an afternoon stroll from the Peasley home on Winter street. They went to the depot of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railway, and there met John Beardsley—whether by appointment or not, is unknown. They were engaged in conversing with him when Willis Peasley suddenly approached them. Peasley was in a desperate mood, as with an appreciation he faced the man who, he believed, had ruined his home and peace of mind. Beardsley evidently had been forewarned of his danger. He was armed with a 32-calibre revolver, in which were five loaded cartridges. But before he could defend himself, Peasley's right hand had swung forcibly toward his breast. In its fiery clutch was a hunter's knife, keenly sharpened—a formidable, home-handled weapon, having a blade nearly five inches in length. The steel was driven almost to the hilt through Beardsley's clothing and flesh. Beardsley staggered under the blow and tried to use his revolver. But ere he could fire, his arm became powerless and he sunk faint and helpless to the platform. He was taken to the hospital where he died in a few minutes.

When he had wreaked his vengeance upon his rival, Peasley exclaimed, "I have fixed you at last, d——n you, and will now give myself up." He had evidently acted with complete deliberation and coolly proceeded on his way to the city prison, where he told his story to Chief Murray and was locked up.

Peasley is an intelligent-looking man, aged 29 years. In his statement to a reporter, he said he had to commit this crime to protect his home. Last June Peasley had his wife and Beardsley arrested on the charge of adultery, to which they pleaded guilty. Both promised to give no further cause for complaint and sentence was suspended. Peasley also has been charged with being intimate with other women. Some time ago Pensley received the following note which he claims was written by Beardsley:

"WARNING."

"Say Peasley: You and I must have an understanding at once. You queered my game the other Sunday, but by God, I will have your life to pay for it and don't you forget it. You know who this is from. But others don't."

After the fatal encounter at the depot Mrs. Peasley and her sister went to the Peasley home, where she attempted to kill herself with a 32-calibre revolver, but her sister took the revolver away from her and prevented the rash act. Mrs. Peasley, who is 19 years old, was taken to the lockup, where she was detained until Tuesday.

Tuesday morning Peasley was taken before Alderman Osborne for hearing. The information was read and on being asked to make his plea, Peasley said: "I killed John Beardsley, but I did it in self-defense. Whoever wrote that (the information) must have been a fool." Evidently Peasley was not pleased with the phraseology of this legal document. The alderman then adjourned the hearing until 3 p. m. When the case was called John P. Mullin, of the law firm of Mullin & Mullin, appeared for the defendant and waived hearing, and Peasley was held for the grand jury without bail. Peasley was brought here yesterday and lodged in jail.

Yesterday's Bradford Era says: Early yesterday morning one of the prisoners, a wanderer named Conroe, charged with vagrancy, etc., annoyed Peasley with his chatter and Peasley immediately proceeded to land a "short arm jab" or two upon the anatomy of the alleged vagrant. It is understood that the incipient combat resulted in putting a quietus on Conroe. In this affair, Peasley acted, as usual, in self-defense. He was defending his sense of hearing.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Some of our young men who go to see girls have adopted a new way of obtaining kisses. They assert, on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of a gas jet to flicker and easily induce the girl to try the experiment in the interest of science. The first kiss or two the parties watch the flame to see it flicker, but soon become so interested in the experiment as to let it flicker if it wants to. Hence the term, "Let her flicker."

Died, at her residence in Otto, Pa., Susan Morton, aged 59 years, 1 month and 13 days. Deceased died of apoplexy living only four and a half hours after the attack.

A young man named Harris Harvey, who has been working in Frisbee's mill of late, was killed on Tuesday night last (January 20, 1871.) The particulars of the case are about as follows. Young Harvey, who worked from noon till midnight, was relieved by other hands at about 11:30 o'clock when he (Harvey) proposed to go down the slide and get some logs arranged for dawing up after which he would repair to the house. About half an hour expired and as Harvey did not return one of the mill hands went out to see what was the cause of his long stay. His feet were seen sticking above the water, the remainder of his body being under and held in this position by some logs which had rolled over and crushed him to death. The general supposition is that Harvey had loosened one end of some of the logs that were lying near the water's edge and was passing to the other end for the same purpose when the logs gave way, forcing him into the creek and crushing his head and body in a shocking manner. Deceased was about 22 years of age and said to be an industrious and promising young man.

The financial statement for the year 1870 shows that the board of county commissioners received for their services during that year the sum of $317.60, and the clerk's salary was $300. The election expenses were $988.55, water $15 and fuel $95. The entire cost of maintaining the county government that year was $9,084.91, of which $2,619.88 was for bridges.

Died, in Smethport, Feb. 11, 1871, Mr. Bester Cowin, aged 78 years. The deceased was a native of Connecticut and emigrated to Madison county, N. Y., in 1802. In 1838 he came to Smethport, where he has lived ever since, with the exception of about eight months. He was converted to Christ in 1811, first uniting with the Baptist church in Woodsock and afterwards with the Baptist church in this place in 1898. He continued a faithful and consistent member of his chosen church until his death. His last sickness was short and his death peaceful—that of a Christian who sleeps in Jesus. Mr. Corwin leaves behind him a wife, with whom he has lived happily upwards of fifty-two years, and three surviving children to mourn his loss.

Samuel Gillis, who a great while ago lived on Bunker Hill, died at his home in Michigan on February 8. Also David Young, who carried the mail between this place and Olean some forty years ago or thereabouts, died in the same State in the latter part of January last. The names of these men will be familiar to the elderly portion of our citizens.

Married, at the house of Levi Bishop in Port Allegany, on the 23d of February, 1871, by the Rev. E. G. Stephens, Mr. B. C. Gallup and Miss Augusta M. Hotchkiss, all of Port Allegany.

We have just received cards announcing the marriage of Mr. James H. Medbery of Chicago, formerly of this place, and Miss Jennie Lee Secrist of Franklin, Ill. We wish them an abundance of happiness and hope their lot may be an enviable one.

The first daily Journal in the world was that of Frankfort-on-the-Main, established in 1615. It is still issued and is a favorite all over the continent.

The mercantile appraisement for 1871 shows that at that time there were in McKean county forty-three mercantile establishments, five licensed hotels and eight eating houses, six of the latter being in Kane. Hotel licenses then cost in townships $15 and in boroughs $25, Smethport being the only borough, and boasted one hotel—the Bennett House. Eating house licenses cost $20 each.

Worse Than Ann's Age.

Hardly has the average man had time to give to the consideration of the problem concerning the age of Ann when a correspondent of the New York Times sends in the following proposition: "As you showed us an easy way of solving the question of the ages of Mary and Ann, will you, or some of your readers, give a solution of the following: If six dozen eggs cost as many cents as the number of eggs that eight cents will buy at the same price, what is the price per dozen? This is not to be done by algebra, however."

The MINER and New York Tribune Farmer, $1.25 per year in advance.

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Such an Organization was Formed in Smethport Last Thursday.

AUXILIARY TO BOARD OF TRADE.

Much Good May Come of It—Everyone Should be Interested.

At the meeting of the business men of Smethport at the hose house last Thursday night the initial steps toward the improvement of the town in a business way were taken by forming an organization to be known as the Business Mens' Association of Smethport, and about forty members were enrolled at the meeting.

The principal object of this association is to co-operate with the board of trade in locating new industries in this place. Although the name might imply that the membership was to be confined to men actually engaged in business in Smethport, such is not the case. Every person, whether he be a business man, a professional man, a mechanic or laborer, is wanted in this organization, so long as he has the upbuilding of Smethport's industries at heart. The membership fee is $1.00 and this money is to be used to bear the immediate expenses of the association and board of trade. A committee, consisting of Guy McCoy and E. W. Jones, was appointed to solicit members for this organization and report at the next meeting.

Ways and means of getting in touch with parties wishing to locate industries were discussed to some extent and a committee was appointed to investigate the best means of publicity on this matter. A short prospectus of Smethport and its advantages to manufacturers has been printed and will be distributed among the various business men with the request that they enclose one in each letter to any manufacturing concern with whom they have correspondence.

The committee on locating industries has been busy during the past week and are meeting with some results. Members of this committee went to St. Marys last night to confer with some of the officials of the P., S. & N. R. R. in regard to the location of their shops.

Of course these things move slowly and it will take some time before anyone should expect any positive results from this organization but if the board of trade receives the hearty support of our citizens, through the Business Men's Association, it will not be long before some benefits are derived. Smethport has as many natural advantages for most any kind of manufacturing as any place in the State of Pennsylvania, and it only needs a little activity on the part of our citizens to bring the desired results.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF THE STATE.

Judge Morrison has Largest Plurality of any Man on the Ticket.

The last of the official returns of the recent election have been received by the State department. The total vote cast for the Republican and Democratic nominees for State Treasurer and Auditor General is as follows:

State Treasurer: Mathues, Republican and Citizen, 529,631; Hill, Democrat and Independent, 244,234; Mathues' plurality over Hill, 285,267; majority over all, 245,272.

Auditor General—Snyder, Republican and Citizen, 517,038; Dewalt, Democrat and Independent, 240,305. Snyder's plurality over Dewalt, 277,656; majority over all, 237,633.

The total vote for Superior Court Judges follows: Morrison, Republican and Citizen, 524,967; Henderson, Republican and Citizen, 309,438; Ward, Democrat and Independent, 239,065; Reyburn, Democrat and Independent, 225,051; Stevenson, Prohibition, 23,493; Nichols, Prohibition, 22,307; Leach, Socialist, 12,545; Goazion, Socialist, 12,058; Thomas, Labor, 1,992; Burschell, Labor, 1,700. Morrison over Ward, 287,922; Morrison over Reyburn, 299,916; Henderson over Ward, 235,310; Henderson over Reyburn, 249,206.

For State Treasurer—Paton, Prohibition, received 24,850 votes; Smith, Socialist, 13,245; Gilchrist, Labor, 1,930.

For Auditor General—Kane, Prohibition, received 24,945; Atkinson, Socialist, 13,014; Eberle, Labor, 2,066.

The scattering vote runs into the thousands.

Thou Shalt Not Kill

does not imply to the game now in season. Remember our stock of Guns and Hunters' Supplies is complete and our prices are always the lowest.

Guns for Rent.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Boy Killed By Trolley.

A most shocking and deplorable fatality occurred yesterday at noon, on School street, when the life of John Leonard Hinchey, a 9-year-old boy, was crushed out almost instantly by a trolley car. The lad had just left the schoolroom where he was a pupil, and with other children was on the street in the vicinity of the Third ward school buildings. He had crossed the street and was chatting with some of his playmates when he started back, hurriedly, to go to his home for dinner. A trolley car was coming in his direction, but he did not observe it until it was almost upon him. The motorman threw on a reverse current, rang the bell and shouted at the boy, but it was then too late, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

The little fellow was struck and fell in front of one corner of the car. A so-called safety guard, in front of the forward wheels, caught the lad's body at the waist, his head and arms being beyond the rail. Thus pinioned he was crushed to death before he could have realized his position.

The power which had been used to stop the car and reverse its course, sent the car backward about 60 feet, the body of the child being dragged along the pavement for that distance, presenting a sight indescribably horrifying to the children in the vicinity, and others who were witnesses to the awful fatality.

When the boy was finally extricated from under the car, no life remained in him, and his bleeding, bruised and crushed remains were tenderly borne away from the track. An ambulance was summoned and the corpse was taken to Koch's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial.

The child who was killed was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hinchey of No. 12 School street, and he was a bright, manly little chap who was a general favorite. John Hinchey, the father, formerly a superintendent for the Commercial Gas Co., has for a long time been suffering from illness and the bereavement which came upon him so suddenly yesterday, rendered his condition quite serious. Mrs. Hinchey was informed of the death of her son by a schoolboy, immediately after the accident, and the grief of the mother was pitiable to witness.

The car which killed the boy was in charge of Conductor Freaney and Motorman Drysdale. They say they were running at a rate of about five miles an hour. Drysdale did all that he could to save the lad from being run over, but when the boy darted suddenly in front of the car it was impossible to stop soon enough to avert the fatality.

Football Results.

There were some great surprises in the football results of the large colleges last Saturday.

With the odds nearly two to one in favor of Yale, the Princeton tigers defeated the sons of Old Eli by a score of 11 to 6. Dewitt, the big guard for the tigers, was the feature of the game and the hero of the hour. He was almost wholly responsible for the victory over Yale. He broke through the line, blocked a kick and ran 70 yards for a touchdown. He also dropped back and kicked a goal from the field.

Poor old Harvard again suffered defeat at the hands of a small college. Dartmouth dragged the crimson in the mud to the tune of 11 to 0.

The Carlisle Indians defeated Pennsylvania by a score of 16 to 6, and Columbia scored 17 to Cornell's 12.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 14, 1903.

Box 95, Loren Cary, C. C. Carlson, Clayton Crawford, John Dahlstrom, Domenico Vita di Ginseppi, A. W. Evans, G. W. Krill, Antonio Kaberato, Miss Amanda Miller, G. W. Richer, Fred Sheuiy, H. S. Wilkinson, W. S. Wilkinson 2. Foreign: Domenico Senzo, Dipietro Antono Gallazzo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Dan Sheehan Makes a "Brooklyn."

It is generally understood among bowlers that a "Brooklyn"—or in plain English a "split" with a pin standing on each corner of the alley—is next to impossible to make, but that "split" was converted into a "spare" on J. C. Backus' alleys the other evening.

Conductor Dan Sheehan was the man who made this phenomenal play. He drove one of the pins so hard against the cushions back of the alleys that it rebounded and knocked the other pin down. We have heard of this shot being made before, but this is the first time it was ever made in Smethport.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE OUTCOME OF A TEST

By J. H. CONNELLY

Copyright, 1899, by J. H. Connelly

"HERE, Professor Brunot, are the conditions of the proposed test. You see not to read them until you have hypnotized your subject, you are not to utter one word to him except mentally, and you will remain in my company until the matter is decided one way or the other. It follows also as a corollary to normal conditions he does what I have prescribed you will win, else—"

"And if not you win mine. That is all right. I have confidence in Miller. He is the best subject I have ever had; the only one I doubt, even a little, I could exercise complete control properly. I shall have your $100, Mr. Blanchard."

"Perhaps. Put Crandall in the next room, where he can see without being seen by your subject, and get to work."

The handsome, blanched, scholastic looking young man was called in and very readily put in the trance condition. Then the professor read Mr. Blanchard's prescribed conditions for the test. "They are very hard," he commented in an undertone, "but I accept them." Here is what he read:

"Make him know where my rooms are and come there at 4 o'clock today, ask for me and go away without seeing me, taking with him a letter from the center table in the parlor, go to the Grand Central depot and slip that letter into the left hand pocket of a coat on a stout man dressed in gray."

During some twenty minutes the hypnotizer appeared to be exercising all his powers of concentration and will to silently impress upon his subject the long sequence of actions required, while the countenance of the hypnotee began to show signs of fixed attention, anxiety and finally exhaustion.

* * * * * * *

Precisely at 4 o'clock Dan, Mr. Blanchard's man, announced to his master that a young man giving the name of Arthur Miller wished to see him.

"Show him into the parlor and say I will see him directly," replied Mr. Blanchard, and turning to the professor and Crandall, who were with [illegible] room he added, [illegible]

[illegible] the key to the [illegible] Miller was [illegible] Crandall left on the [illegible] cyclone with a bottle in [illegible]

Mr. Crandall, the stout man in gray, hastened to reach the Grand Central depot that the hypnotee, if following his impressed instructions, might find the proper depository for the fished letter. After a few minutes' conversation with the professor Mr. Blanchard, who had been somewhat distraught and absentminded, rang for Dan and asked him, "No letter for me yet?"

"Yes, sir. I left it there on the table."

"Then there were two here?"

"No, sir. The one you left for the mail I put a stamp on and posted. The other I left in its place."

"What sort of a letter was it?"

"A small one."

"Addressed in a lady's writing?"

"I didn't take particular notice, but I think so, sir."

"That infernal Miller has carried off the wrong letter!"

"No particular letter was specified. I don't see how that affects the demonstration if he took a letter left here," argued the professor.

"Confound him and blust the demonstration!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard excitedly. "This is a much more serious matter. The thing must be stopped before any more mischief is done."

"You must not interfere with the test."

"It is done. I give up. You've won. Come, we've got to get a hack. Miller must be caught."

"Don't get excited. You will find the letter in Crandall's pocket."

"I want it in mine. Come on. I'm taking no chances."

Mr. Arthur Miller went right along about what some impulse from his subconscious mind made him imagine was his business or duty. Not for the life of him could he have told why he had gone at a particular time to a stranger's rooms, seized there a letter and was now looking for a stout man in gray; but when he saw, in the thick of a throng of people moving toward a gate with a view toward an outgoing train a stout man in a gray suit he elbowed his way through until he had slipped the letter into the pocket of the man in gray and then dropped back out of the crowd with the contented sigh of one whose duty was done. As he stood in an open space mopping his forehead in a dazed sort of way another stout man dressed in gray touched his shoulder and said:

"You have made a mistake."

"How so? I don't know."

"But you are not to be blamed."

"Glad to know it, but I don't see why I might be."

Just then Mr. Blanchard plunged in, caught him by an arm and demanded anxiously, "Where's that letter?" a query which seemed to stun the young man. "Have you got it?"

"No," said Mr. Crandall, answering for him. "But you have lost fairly. He put it in the pocket of a man who answered the description. I saw him do it. It's all right. The fellow looked like me."

"It's all wrong—the wrong letter. It must be recovered. I wouldn't have lost it for ten times the bet."

"I don't see how you'll get it. The gate has closed while we've been talking, the train is gone and the man is as good as lost as we are concerned."

Mr. Blanchard said various vehement things.

"He was a commuter. I noticed that he simply showed a ticket, and that's all we know about him. And the commuters are legions strong."

"The gateman may know him."

They found the gateman, a surly, ill conditioned lout, following unwillingly to the mollifying influence of a bank note, and with some pretended difficulty he allowed to himself with an effort proportioned to his pay. "Why, yes, I guess the gentleman you want is Mr. Berdan, who goes to Tarrytown."

They sent a telegram after him in care of the conductor of the train and from Stanton Duvvil got an answer back:

"No letter in possession that doesn't belong to me. Know nothing about it."

"Disastrous, Crandall!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard, drawing his friend aside. "It was from the Widow Kitely. You know enough to imagine how important it may be to me. And it's lost."

"I don't see what's the use in getting excited about it. She can write you another."

"Will she? To a man so careless and stupid as to lose in such an idiotic way a letter like that!"

"Go and tell her all about it. She has sense. It will be all right. Probably she will tell you what she has written, and that may be even more agreeable."

"I must. There's nothing else to be done."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Myra Kitely was an exceedingly charming young woman, a plump and not fat brunette whose widowhood had in her estimation lasted very much longer than law and society gave her credit for, even longer perhaps than she deemed reasonably her due. Her husband, Jack, had been such a sorry grace that they had separated a good deal even at best before his thirsty and rackety career closed, and even his creditors had generally forgotten him by the time she learned of his demise, which occurred while she was in Europe. The steamer that brought her back to New York also brought Mr. James Blanchard, and ever since she had known herself a widow he had been doing his best to persuade her that a protracted period of even conventional mourning for such a husband as Jack was undated for, if not actually absurd. In her heart she agreed with him, but the fear of "what people would say" kept her in half mourning and postponed her acceptance of the standing offer of his heart and hand. Perseverance, however, rarely faileth of reward, and there came a time when the pretty widow coyly promised to give him her answer by letter. And that was the letter he had lost.

Mr. Blanchard had little doubt of its purport. He was at least as happily confident as an anxiously expectant suitor has any reasonable right to be; but to lose her sweet consent and assurance of her love in this ridiculous way was exasperating, and he did not doubt she would punish him a little for it by a coquettish revival of his doubts and fears. His worst anticipations were more than realized.

Meekly, deprecatingly, he told his tale of woe, and, though he felt how sad it was, the way in which she received it surprised and even puzzled him. She paled, blushed rosy red and finally burst into tears. In vain he besought her to tell "what was in the letter."

"Never, never!" she protested. "Never while I live!"

"Good heavens, Myra," he cried, "it cannot be possible that you have had the cruelty to deny me! Come, tell me what your letter contained. End my anxiety."

But she took refuge in tears and the ambiguous declaration, "Fate is against me!"

Mr. Blanchard was not one of those who supinely permit fate to settle their affairs for them. If he could get from the charming widow no information one way or the other he would seek the desired knowledge elsewhere and, saying grimly to himself, "The hair of the dog is a cure for the bite," betook himself again to the hypnotist.

"Professor Brunot," he said, "I wish to make trial of another alleged power of your so called science, and if you are willing the bet of today goes over again."

"Make your proposition."

"I believe you claim clairvoyance for the hypnotee; that he is able to read a letter that is by no possible means visible to his physical sight, a sealed letter?"

"Not of all hypnotees, by any means, but Arthur Miller I certainly do so claim."

"Good enough. One who can do it is as good for me as a thousand. Fetch him again and [illegible]

"Indeed, I [illegible] do not know where to find him at this hour, but he will be here at noon tomorrow. Come then, and I shall have the proof you desire."

"Well, I suppose that will have to go under the circumstances. I shall be here, no fear about that."

Mr. Blanchard was punctual in keeping the appointment and saw with gratification that Miller, having come a little early, had already been plunged into the hypnotic state by the professor so that no time should be lost. Ah, how earnestly he hoped clairvoyance would prove all that had been claimed for it! How gladly he would lose that hundred dollars even if the widow had written "No!" In that case he could know where he stood and would simply have to go at her again more determinedly than before.

"He is in superb condition today, sir, for anything that is possible," said the professor confidently. "Put the letter in my hands."

"What letter?"

"The sealed one which you wish to have him read."

"Go to the devil. If I had it I can't you think I could open and read it for my self?"

"But how is he to read a letter when there isn't one?"

"But there is—the one that was lost yesterday through his bungle."

"Oh, that! You ask what is not possible. How can he be put on report with a letter that no nobody knows where? And, even if he could, how would you, if you do not know what is in that letter, be able to determine whether he reads correctly, even if he should profess to do so?"

Mr. Blanchard jammed his hat upon his head and rushed out. He cursed the long in which hypnotism was invented and that in which he had ever heard of it.

On the street he met a man named Pelletreau, whom he always called "a greasy foreigner," not because he had any knowledge that Pelletreau was greasy, but for the hate he bore for the fellow's unctuous smiles when they two, who fell now voyagers with Mrs. Kitely on her return from Europe. And now it seemed to him Pelletreau was coming from the direction of her house and wearing a peculiar grin of self satisfaction that ever the jealous Blanchard's soul knew greed with jealousy, and he set out at once in full haste to call the widow to account.

But while he is on his way there let us see what really became of that letter. Mr. Berdan, taking out his handkerchief to wipe his perspiring brow, pulled it from his pocket, and it fell out of it on the platform. After having been kicked about by many pairs of feet it was finally picked it up, a kind, considerate soul, a man who had sense enough to know it man who had sense enough to know it should be returned to the mail and for that purpose put it in his pocket, along with a letter his wife had given him for mailing that morning. He would attend to them both the next morning, he said to himself. And so he did, except that he did not happen to think of them until the second day afterward.

But while we have been picking up this stray thread of fact Mr. Blanchard had reached the widow's. She was still in the mood of the day before, fearfully obstinate in her refusal to give him any satisfaction until she realized that she had an unreasonably jealous man to deal with, one whom it would be well to placate if she did not wish to break with him altogether. Then she assured him very earnestly that she had not seen M. Pelletreau for at least a month and had no thought of wishing ever to see him again. Then having gone so far, she gave way altogether and admitted that her answer had been "Yes." When the transports of his rapturous joy had been somewhat calmed he said to her, "But, why, my darling, did you not tell me so yesterday?"

"Because," she replied, "you asked me what was in the letter, and I didn't feel as if I could tell you then."

"You could not tell me you had given me reason to be the happiest of men?"

"Oh, there was something else! You know what a wretch Jack was; how he

"I DIDN'T FEEL AS IF I COULD TELL YOU THEN."

spent all his money and all mine he could get hold of. Well, he did more. He pawned some very valuable jewels of mine, which I said nothing about for fear of scandal, and only three days ago I got them back from the man who advanced money on them to him, and they looked so horrid I didn't want anything to do with them, and so I sent them to you to take care of for me."

"I don't understand, my dear. You sent me the jewels in a letter?"

"Oh, no, no, dear; not the jewels—the p-p-awn tickets."

"Ah, then I fear they are lost by this time. No matter. I'll replace them."

But they were not lost, thanks to the good commuter, who finally remembered those letters, so the outcome of the test was happy after all.

A Curious Clock.

In one of the chief watchmaking establishments in Zurich there is to be seen a remarkable curiosity in the way of watch or clock making. The timepiece is in the form of a ball, which moves imperceptibly down an inclined surface without rolling. The length of this inclined surface, which is sixteen inches long, is accomplished from top to bottom in twenty-four hours. Then the ball only needs lifting to the top again. This extraordinary timepiece has no spring and therefore needs no winding. The hands are kept in motion by the sliding along an inclined plane.—London Globe.

An Infamy.

Some years ago we remember meeting at the door of a secondhand bookshop an excited Irishman. He had just bought the "Irish Melodies" for a shilling, when he turned round on the bookseller and burst out, "But I could kill ye for selling these immortal gems so cheap!"—Athenæum.

A ROYAL BOOK BUYER.

The Purchase of Diderot's Library by Catherine II. of Russia.

Empress Catherine II. of Russia was a great reader and a lover of books. One of her services to letters in Russia was the purchase of the libraries of Voltaire and Diderot. She was a warm friend and admirer of these French philosophers, and their work interested her because she was eager to learn new theories of politics and government. Voltaire's library, of about 7,000 volumes, is now a part of the Russian Imperial library in the Hermitage palace, and in the hall devoted to it is Houdon's statue of Voltaire.

The story of Catherine's purchase of Diderot's library is interesting. It is creditable to her tact and her generosity. Diderot pained £15,000 as the price of his library. Catherine II. offered him £10,000 and named as a condition of the bargain that her purchase should remain with Diderot until his death. Thus Diderot, without leaving Paris, became Catherine's librarian in his own library. As her librarian he was given a yearly salary of £1,000.

One year this salary was not paid. Then Catherine wrote to her librarian that she could not have him or her library suffer through the negligence of a treasurer's clerk and that she should send him the sum that she had set aside for the care and increase of her library for fifty years. At the end of that period she would make new arrangements. A check for £25,000 accompanied this letter.

The Literary Chap to Finance.

"I know a literary chap, good writer and all that, but with absolutely no business sense, who suddenly decided the thing for him to do was to start a bank account," said the secretary of a financial institution. "He came in to see me about it. I asked him how much he had and he said he had saved $5. I told him we rarely started accounts of such small deposits, but would make an exception in his case to encourage thrift and school him in business.

"He went through the preliminaries, previously signed the signature card, put his money in and got a check book and pass book. By that time he was all interest. They gave him a check book, and he decided he would have to have some money for present use. The receiving teller introduced him to the paying teller, and he inquired the procedure of checking out money. The paying teller explained at length. Then my literary friend went over to the desk and wrote a check for his entire $5, got the money and went out."

Comparative Ages of Animals.

Q.—What is the age of a field mouse?

A.—A year. And the age of a hedgehog is three times that of a mouse, and the life of a dog is three times that of a hedgehog, and the life of a horse is three times that of a dog, and the life of a man is three times that of a horse, and the life of a goose is three times that of a man, and the life of a swan is three times that of a goose, and the life of a swallow is three times that of a swan, and the life of an eagle is three times that of a swallow, and the life of a serpent is three times that of an eagle, and the life of a raven is three times that of a serpent, and the life of a hart is three times that of a raven, and an oak groweth 500 years and endeth 500 years.—Philadelphia North American, Sept. 13, 1863.

Dog and Cat.

The effect of a dog on a cat's tail is well worth study. When a cat encounters a strange dog the tail immediately assumes an upright position, the back becomes highly arched, and the fur stands out straight all over the body. This sudden change dismays the dog, who brings himself to a halt, and the two regard each other steadfastly.

But if the dog should turn his gaze away for a fraction of a second there is a swish and a bound, and the cat has disappeared over a fence or up a tree. Stimulated by the presence of a dog, cats have been known to climb to such heights that they were unable to descend the way they went up.

Transparent Salt.

Some remarkable salt formations are found extending for thirty miles along the Virginia river in Nevada. The salt forms mountains of crystal and is so pure and clear that fine print can be read through a foot of it. This region was evidently once occupied by a great salt lake, as close by are some wonderful wells, one of which, seventy-five feet in diameter, contains water so intensely saline that a person bathing there will float like a cork.

Bliggins' Blunder.

"Bliggins is very unfortunate in his love affairs."

"Yes," said the girl with yellow hair. "You see, Mr. Bliggins makes the great mistake of trying to converse intelligently when he ought to be simply holding hands and looking as if he were stupefied with joy."—Exchange.

Quickly Solved.

"Yes, for a year and a half she was in doubt as to whether she loved him enough to marry him or not."

"And how did she succeed in finding out?"

"There was another girl who got to acting as if she wanted him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Version as a Witness.

[illegible]

A Touch.

"How much do you expect to spend for your wife's birthday present?"

"About half as much as I shall."—Judge.

DRESDEN POLICE.

They Are Permitted to Impose Small Fines on Offenders.

One advantage accrues to the respectable member of the community from the minuteness with which the Dresden police look into the affairs of every inhabitant of the city. If he is a careful man and always carries papers which may serve to establish his identity he is practically immune from the indignity of being arrested and marched off to the police station unless indeed he commits some capital offense. He runs little risk, then, if he drives faster than the law permits, does he cross a bridge on the left hand side, he is stopped by the guardian of the peace and requested to give his name. If he has his papers with him the policeman may then and there impose a fine of from 1 to 3 marks. If then he satisfies that he is in the wrong and pays the fine the incident is closed. If, however, he wishes to appeal from the policeman's decision he may do so. Even in that case he is not arrested, but a day or two later he is notified to appear in court and answer to the charge against him. But then if he is found guilty the lowest fine that can be imposed is 3 marks. That this custom of permitting the policeman personally to impose small fines is little understood by foreigners is shown by a remark made to me by a gentleman who had lived in Germany the greater part of his life and in Dresden for a number of years. In reply to my inquiries as to whether there was ever any question of corruption in the police department he replied:

"No; none whatever as far as the higher officers are concerned. The individual man, however, may be bribed occasionally. For instance, if I were to walk on the grass in the Grosser Garten and a policeman caught me at it I would offer him a mark or two, and that would end the matter."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Tailor Bird.

The brilliantly plumed birds of the tropical forests are exposed to many dangers, and if they were not afforded with peculiar powers of instinct they would fall ready victims to their enemies. Climbing monkeys and lithe snakes steal and eat their eggs, while their offspring are preyed upon by foes on every side. But it takes a sly monkey or snake to get ahead of the tailor bird, a small East Indian singing bird. She hides her nest so skillfully that her enemies cannot find it, no matter how hard they try. This she does by using her long, slender bill as a needle. With the tough fiber of a parasite plant abundant in the tropics as a thread she sews a dead leaf taken from the ground to a living one near the end of a slender and hanging branch, and between these leaves she builds her nest, where neither monkey nor snake can approach, because the branch will not bear their weight.

The First Lexicographer.

Dr. Johnson, even if we except his predecessor, Bailey, was not the father of lexicographers. In a volume issued by the historical manuscripts commission on manuscripts in the Welsh language it is stated that the idea of illustrating the meaning and correct use of words by actual quotations from the literature of a living language seems to have been first put in practice by Griffith Hiraethog, the herald bard of Wales, who died in 1564. It was not till the days of Dr. Johnson, 200 years later, that a similar idea took root in English soil. An abbreviated copy of Griffith Hiraethog's Welsh Dictionary was made by his pupil, William Llyn, between 1567 and 1573, and is now in the free library at Cardiff.—London Globe.

Growth of the Human Heart.

A scientific analysis of the growth of the human heart demonstrates the fact that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was. Between the second and seventh years it is again doubled in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year up to the fiftieth the annual growth of the heart is about .061 of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth year.

The Deluge.

In answer to a correspondent a newspaper says: "The deluge mentioned in the Bible was threatened in the year 1750 B. C. and began on Dec. 7, 1650 B. C., and continued 377 days. The ark rested on Mount Ararat on May 6, 1655, but Noah did not leave it until Dec. 18 following." Any reader who imagines that it would be an easy task to figure these details from a Biblical account can find a basis for his calculations in the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis.

A Substitute Watch Crystal.

Did you ever smash your watch crystal just when you could not possibly replace it? When it happens again, shake out the broken glass, open the little rim that holds it the bezel—lay over the face a piece of tissue paper and shut the bezel. This will save the hands from catching in things and not interfere with the going.

An Even Break.

"She's a girl after his own heart, he says."

"Yes, and he's a man after her money."

"But you know it's whispered on the quiet that she hasn't any money."

"Well, it's a notorious fact that he hasn't any heart."—Houston Post.

Nothing Done.

"You know, they say money talks," suggested the woman with the subscription paper, cheerfully.

"Well, I never was any hand for extravagant speeches," replied the close fisted millionaire.—Syracuse Herald.

Quick as Thought.

"Quick as thought" is not very quick. While a light wave would travel around the equator in a second a nerve wave makes but about 100 feet a second.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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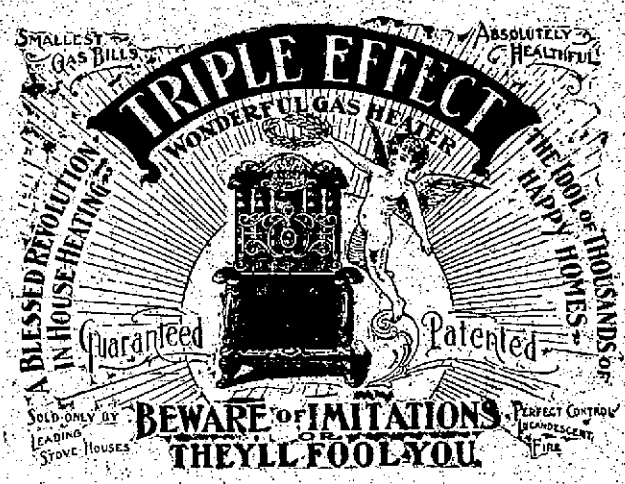

These Heaters need no pushing. We simply want you to know that we have them as usual.

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J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Helen McCoy gave a tea for a number of girl friends Saturday afternoon.

—A party of nine hunters spent Saturday on Open Brook and bagged 21 rabbits and one pheasant.

—The new residence of W. O. Dickerson, which is only partially completed, has been purchased by John Morrison.

—Coudersport is making an effort to land a hardwood working industry that will employ 100 men. Smethport is looking for such plants.

—Mrs. Nan Y. Leslie, one of the most prominent workers of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. circles in the State, died at her home in Pittsburg on Thursday.

—The actions of the mob of women who gathered around the church to see the Goelet wedding in New York last week was a disgrace to womankind.

—A horse and carriage plunged over a 100 foot embankment near Cross Fork last week. The horse was only slightly bruised but the buggy was a complete wreck.

—The County Home of Potter county has a lady inmate, who, as she expresses it, "just loves to kiss men." John Mundy of the Enterprise furnishes up-to-date news from that institution.

—Mrs. Sarah Johnson, a colored lady of Olean, N. Y., 108 years of age, is visiting at the home of her granddaughter in Sabinsville. She is still quite spry and robust and made the trip alone from Olean to Sabinsville last Friday.—Wellsboro Gazette.

—In the last issue of the Port Allegany Argus S. W. Smith has an article explaining his side of the union boycott on his new playhouse, the Auditorium, and it seems to us that Mr. Smith was a victim of circumstances rather than opposed to union labor.

—Ray Bosard of Middlebury, Tioga county, has mysteriously disappeared. On September 30 he left his home and crossed a creek leading into the woods where he was supposed to be going for ginseng. Hunting parties have failed to find any track of him. No cause is ...r his disappearance.

...e two voting precincts in ..., at least, which are be... strong for Socialism, ...p gave pluralities for ...adidates at the recent ...ustin borough the So... of the Democratic and ...publican tickets. The ...f the Austin Republi... ng some converts.

—While engaged with John McCauley in drilling to a greater depth a gas well belonging to the St. Marys Gas Co. near Griffith Tuesday morning, Bruce D. Spencer had a miraculous escape from serious injury. About 8:30 o'clock Mr. Spencer had occasion to ascend to the top of the boiler for the purpose of turning the steam into the line, when without warning the connections between the "niggar-head" and the steam line burst, hurling Mr. Spencer skyward with great force. He was badly scalded about the abdomen and severely bruised as a result of his contact with the frozen ground, but considers his escape from death very fortunate. At present Mr. Spencer is getting along nicely and will shortly be at work again.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Sources of Color.

An interesting enumeration has been given of the sources of color. From this it appears that the cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet carmine and purple lakes; the octopus gives sepia—that is, the inky fluid which the creature discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked; the Indian yellow comes from the camel; ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black; the exquisite Prussian blue comes from fusing horses' hoofs and pigs' blood; blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stock; Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindoostan; the yellow sap of a Siamese tree produces gamboge; raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Siena, Italy; raw umber is an earth found near Umbria; Indian ink is made from burned camphor; mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago; bistre is the soot of wood ashes; very little ultramarine, obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, is found in the market.

Getting Rid of the Acid.

An exploring expedition in a remote part of China had a queer experience, which one of the party thus relates: "A large bottle of carbolic acid had been broken inside its wooden case. We exhausted our ingenuity in hopeless effort to unscrew the cover. We feared to carry it farther, as the burning tears distilled by it destroyed everything they touched. We dared not throw it aside lest the unsophisticated heathen should drink it as a cheering or medicinal beverage. We had no time to wait and empty it, as the fatal fluid would only trickle drop by drop through a chink which had been cautiously and laboriously excavated with a blunt hunting knife. What were we to do? Degrading as the confession must appear, we had to depart the torpedo in the middle of the yard and throw bricks at it until it was smashed."

Discontent.

"You're discontented."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, I've noticed that the contented man doesn't often get ahead in this world."—Chicago Post.

The London Bus Driver.

Catch a driver when a clumsy drayman has fouled his wheels or blocked his way or when a rival bus has stolen a march on him. Then you will understand the Londoner's boast that the cockney is the readiest, the wittiest, of all his majesty's subjects. The tongue is not his only weapon. I remember once starting from the Mansion House on a bus the driver of which had been maddened by some remark of the conductor on the bus just in front of him. The two belonged to rival companies and were traveling the same route. They talked it over with pungency and zest from the Mansion House to St. Paul's. At the top of Ludgate hill, one of the regular stopping places, the driver made up his mind he could stand it no longer. He got down from his seat and pommeled the conductor heartily for two minutes. It refreshed him so much that at the next stopping place he did it again. By the time Charing Cross was reached it had become a habit with him. Whenever the buses stopped there would be a brisk setto, the intervals between the halts being filled with an exchange of prophecies as to what would happen at the next.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

The Gardener In Old Rome.

He literally grew colonnades; he fashioned obelisks of box, cypress or ilex. He not only flattered his lord and master by inscribing his name in odoriferous herbs or gorgeous flowers that studded the garden with occasional tours de force, but he actually trimmed trees into family portraits or even those of historical characters. He transformed bushes and thick foraged shrubs into the fantastic likeness of ships, lions, bears and birds. And these rather degenerate "conceits" and extravagances met with profound appreciation and were rewarded with increase of wages by the same individual who, having tired of mere gladiatorial fights with wild beasts in the Coliseum, only derived real thrills from such uncanny performances as fights between women and dwarfs or women with each other. Pliny says the gardeners were the best paid of all workers of their backs in Nineteenth Century.

It Must Be Ireland.

The story is told of Dr. Holland, better known as "Josiah Allen's wife," during the service of prayer at the Congregational church in Springfield, Mass., a heavy electric storm arose, and one of the gentlemen of the choir set out to escort the ministers to take the ladies home. Among the fair singers was a certain Miss Ettas, and as Dr. Holland was gallantly helping her into the vehicle a terrific clap of thunder startled them, upon which he remarked, "Ett in terror packs home in a bus." (Et in terra pax hominibus.) To close this strange tale it may be well to add that the doctor was not immediately struck by lightning, but died years afterward peacefully in his bed.

Odd Things.

The origin of the sentiment, "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, old authors to read," is somewhat obscured. Bacon found the Admo. of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age that age appeared to be best in these four things. John Webster (1638) went further in declaring, "Old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest," and that "old wood burns brightest, old linen washes whitest." Goldsmith in "She Stoops to Conquer" says, "Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." There are many variant quotations.

Made the Cannon Balls Fit.

The first battle of the war of 1812 was fought at Sacket's Harbor, July 9, 1812, and consisted of an attack made upon the village. The inhabitants had but one gun of sufficient size and strength to inflict damage, a 32 pounder, for which they had no shot. This difficulty was overcome by the patriotism of the housewives, who tore up carpets from the floors and with strips wound the small balls to fit the cannon.

Shooting Crocodiles by Lamplight.

In the West Indies crocodiles are often shot at night. The hunter, with a lantern, sits in a canoe in one of the creeks which the crocodiles infest. The crocodiles are attracted by the light and swim toward the canoe. Their eyes shine out in the darkness and form good targets for the hunter's bullets. Sometimes a dozen crocodiles are shot in a night.

Poetry.

"Are you fond of poetry?" asked the young man with curly hair.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "poetry has done a great deal to make life easier. It gives people an opportunity to use quotations instead of being original and tiresome."—Exchange.

An Economical Wife.

He—I can't send my clothes to the tailor's every time they need a button. We must economize. Can't you sew on these suspender buttons yourself?

She—Here, my dear; fasten them up with a hairpin. That will save thread, you know.

Formal—Indeed.

She—The government's legislators seem to be formal men.

He—How's that?

She—Why, they will never notice a bill until it has been introduced.—New York Times.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Cereals Prize Food Co., La Rue, N. Y.

Deck Hand For His Health.

"That man can speak more languages correctly than you can count on the fingers of one hand," said a railroad official, pointing to a deck hand on a North river ferryboat.

"He translated the European correspondence of a large importing house until his health gave way from the confinement. We live in the same town, and one evening he came to me and asked for a job as deck hand.

"'I have to have an outdoor job,' he said, 'or you'll be a pallbearer at my funeral.'

"I tried to find something that would pay better, but there was nothing that would give him as much good air, and he got the job. Now that his health is restored he is loath to give it up. He had saved some money, and he pieces out his income by doing translating at home, so he gets on pretty well.

"Yes, you'll easily find several score of men on North river ferryboats who are working as deck hands for their health. The deck of one of these big boats is a sanitarium, to say nothing of the grave."—New York Times.

The Chinese Love For the Zigzag.

The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in their streets and buildings and have banished it completely where country field paths are concerned. They will always substitute a curve whenever possible, or they will torture it into a zigzag.

In districts not subject to the influence of the foreigner the houses and temples are characterized by curved, often peaked, roofs, ornamented with fantastic modifications of the "myriad stroke pattern." The inhabitants of such regions are soon found to have a mental world to correspond. The straight line is scouted. They think in curves and zigzags. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons. It belongs not to the heaven above or to the earth beneath. In a true horizon line are seen the "undulations of the dragon." Therefore, argue the Chinese, the straight line pertains to hades.—Contemporary Review.

Gorki's Offhand Autobiography.

Maxim Gorki, the Russian novelist, was requested by his publisher to write his own biography. Taking up a pen, he wrote the following:

1878—I became an apprentice to a shoemaker.

1879—I entered a draftsman's office as apprentice.

1880—Kitchen boy on board a packet boat.

1884—I became a street porter.

1885—Baker.

1886—Chorister in a traveling opera company.

1887—I sold apples in the streets.

1888—I attempted suicide.

1890—A lawyer's copying clerk.

1891—I made the tour of Russia on foot.

1892—I worked in a railway shop. In the same year I published my first story.

The Wily Quaker.

A Quaker had his house broken into by a burglar and several valuables stolen. He did not inform the police, however, but kept the affair to himself.

The following evening a neighbor remarked to him: "I am sorry to hear of your house being robbed, Mr. Fry. I hope your loss is not heavy."

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou must know the extent of my loss as well as I can do since thou art the burglar. I spoke not to a soul of what had happened, and thou art the first to mention it to me; hence, I know thou art the burglar and will trouble thee for my property." He got it.

Corncob Pipes.

The first cob pipes were not made in Franklin county, Mo., but at Warrensburg. Fritz Tibbs, a German cabinetmaker, who resided in Warrensburg in the early seventies, used to whittle them out with a jackknife. He afterward moved to Washington, Franklin county, where he engaged with his brother in the manufacture of cob pipes and became wealthy.—Warrensburg (Mo.) Standard-Herald.

A Novel Revenge.

Cook—Yes, my mistress is a prima donna and a horrible creature. She treats me like the dirt beneath her feet, but I revenge myself by opening the drawing room window when she is not at home and by howling with all my might, so that the neighbors may think her voice is cracked.—Fliegende Blatter.

His Question.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank as he was being put to bed.

"Well," acquiesced the tired woman.

"When the holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

Too Small a Steak.

"I'll match pennies with you," said the hungry man in the boarding house dining room, "to decide whether you take my share of beef or I take yours."

"No, thank you," replied the other hungry one. "I never play for small steaks."

The Broken Engagement.

Isabel—Weren't you congenial?

Arabella—Not at all. He made me jealous, and I couldn't make him jealous.—Detroit Free Press.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

HOW HEALTH IS GAINED

The story of a great deal of the unhappiness of women is a story of lost health. Women wonder how it is that little by little the form loses plumpness, the cheeks grow hollow and sallow, and they feel tired and worn-out all the time. In a large proportion of cases when women are weak, run-down and falling off in flesh and looks, the root of the trouble can be traced to womanly diseases which undermine the general health. The proof of this is that women who have been cured of painful womanly diseases, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have recovered their general health, gained in flesh and in appearance.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which sap the general health. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I suffered for three years with ovarian trouble," writes Mrs. Anna Quinn (Treasurer Woman's Athletic Club), of 822 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis. "The treatment I took did not do me a particle of good, until a good neighbor who had been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advised me to give it a trial. The next day took my first dose, and it was my first step toward recovery. In nine weeks I was a different woman; my old health had been fully became firm, complexion clear and my eyes bright. It was simply an indication of the great change within from pain and suffering to health and happiness."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

That is the Coffee for Me.

That is what many a good judge has said after trying Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand of Mocha and Java. It has a rich taste, a pleasing aroma and a clear, deep amber color which win coffee drinkers, no matter how high priced coffee they are accustomed to use.

I have the exclusive sale of this coffee and have had it for 10 years and have yet to find a customer we could not please. Our coffee trade has increased over 100 per cent since we got this coffee agency and we consider ourselves fortunate to hold the agency instead of our competitors.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne

Smethport Penn'a.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's LINE OF BREAD,

PIES, etc., are the BEST

Business Education brings quick returns. 52 of last year's students now filling good positions. Chances are much better here; we limit the number, have fewer to provide for, give individual instruction, etc. 3000 REFERENCES but no "solicitors." School run strictly on its merits.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1903.

Announcement.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. P. BECKWITH.

Ormsby, Pa., Nov. 4, 1903.

The bear raid on Pennsylvania Railroad stock forced it down to 55¾ on Thursday, the lowest it ever has been. A short time ago it was 85.

PANAMA, our new sister republic, is starting in in the usual way of South American countries. She has a small war on her hands before she is a month old.

It was generally supposed that when Tammany got control of New York that that city would be run wide open again, but Mayor-elect McClellan says this idea is entirely wrong and all gambling houses and the "red light" places will be closed.

SOME persons have a very modest conception of their importance to the country. For instance, Representative Thayer of Massachusetts the other day asked if he might go home to get in his winter wood with the understanding that he would return when the "six or seven men who constitute Congress" should announce that something was to be done.—Buffalo Express.

THE long expected trade treaty between the United States and China which was negotiated in Shanghai by the American commissioners and the Chinese representatives has reached Washington, and is now under examination by State Department officials. It is the intention to submit the new treaty for ratification to the Senate without delay and thus will be ended another of the many foreign questions.

THE Kane Leader says: "Our statement that S. M. Love is the first man elected to a county office in McKean county on the Prohibition ticket is taken exceptions to by G. H. Lyon. Mr. Lyon called the other day and stated that he was first appointed to county surveyor in 1878. He was elected as a Republican in 1880, served eight years, and was then elected as a Prohibitionist. We make all possible amends to Mr. Lyon."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16, 1903.

Up to the present the most interesting debate in Congress occurred in the Senate relative to the reception of the great number of petitions which have been sent that body from all parts of the country, demanding that Hon. Reed Smoot, the Mormon Senator from Utah, be expelled from the Senate on the ground that he is an apostle of the Mormon church and as such was compelled to take an oath of allegiance to his church as the highest civil, as well as religious, authority in the land. Most of these petitions are printed blanks [illegible] been distributed throughout the country to be signed and sent to Senators. They are signed principally by women's organizations, such as the Daughters of the American Revolution and the W. C. T. U., and religious organizations. In many cases the phraseology of the petitions is identical, showing that they emanated from the same source. Former Secretary John G. Carlisle is to appear before the Senate committee on Privileges and Elections as counsel for the petitioners. When the petitions were presented Senator Hoar declared that they were out of order, as the question was a judicial one to be decided by the Senate committee, and that petitioning that committee was as much out of place as petitioning the Supreme Court of the United States. Senator Dubois of Idaho took issue with Senator Hoar and declared that "these various organizations of Christian men and women have a right to petition the Senate and it is their duty to do so. They know what they are doing. They represent the moral thought of the country and should not be discouraged." Most of the public men here disagree with Senator Dubois and believe that instead of representing the moral [illegible] country, they represent narrow bigotry of those who are happiest when they are attacking a religion which is not theirs, with their own. There is not the slightest chance of forc[illegible] moot to give up his se[illegible]ple believe that the in[illegible] of his eligibility is [illegible]ession to the united b[illegible]try.

[illegible] has sent to the S[illegible]ation of Brigadier G[illegible]ood to be major ge[illegible]estion of his con[illegible] the general's en[illegible]es [illegible]ed for opportunity to [illegible]s career of rapid ad[illegible] nomination was re[illegible]mittee on military [illegible]d a public sitting to hear all the protests against [illegible]

him a major general. If he is confirmed he will become head of the army in 1908 and can remain such until his retirement in 1924, thus preventing a long list of older officers, who are his inferiors in rank, from ever holding the position. Many officers in the army declare that as Wood was merely an army surgeon before the war with Spain his rapid rise was due to political influence and is unjust to older officers. Senator Teller, stating that he has no personal interest in the matter, has come forth as the protector of these officers and demands that the nomination be held up until the general's military record can be examined. The most bitter opponent of General Wood is Major Estes M. Rathborne, formerly director of posts in Cuba, and who is convicted of defrauding the government. Wood did all he could to bring Rathborne to justice. The major declares his innocence and says he was prosecuted for political reasons. He has a firm supporter in Senator Hanna, who is opposed to Wood's appointment. Rathborne makes serious charges against the general but if is generally doubted that he can substantiate them. The Senate will probably confirm the nomination.

Dr. W. D. Crum, the colored man who was named collector of customs at Charleston, S. C., as a recess appointment has been named again among the nominations sent to the Senate. Although the Senate failed on two former occasions to take action in the case it is believed that the nomination will be confirmed this time. Senator Tillman threatens to filibuster, but he can do nothing more than bring about a general debate on the race question and cause a party vote on the nomination. Representative Crumpacker has introduced his resolution in the House which provides for a committee to examine into the suffrage conditions of the various States. His purpose is to decrease the representation in Congress of those Southern States which have disfranchised the negroes. He does not expect the measure to be voted on, but desires to keep the question alive.

"I am much gratified to receive the letters whereby you are accredited to the government of the United States in the capacity of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Republic of Panama," said President Roosevelt to M. Bunau-Varilla as this representative of the infant republic of Panama was presented to him in the White House by Secretary Hay. In the words of the new minister, the President thus admitted "into the family of nations the weakest and the last born of the republics of the new world." Panama is now a sovereign state in the eyes of our government, and it will not be long before we take up negotiations with it for the construction of the canal. Columbian troops are said to be hurrying to the isthmus to punish the "traitors," but our government will not permit them to land at either Panama or Colon, and may inform the Columbian government that any hostilities even in the remotest vicinity of the Panama railroad will not be permitted by this government. This would make the suppression of the revolution very difficult, if not absolutely impossible. In fact, friends of the new republic can be now certain that its national existence is guaranteed by this country.

Much comment has been aroused by publication of that part of the President's regular message to Congress which related to the canal negotiations. It was written before the revolution in Panama and has now been cut out of the message. The President says: "High authorities on international law hold that the canal can be dug as an incident to exercising the power to prevent the obstruction of traffic across the isthmus." After stating that in his judgment it is time to declare that the building of the canal cannot be much longer delayed he continues, "It seems evident that in a matter such as this we should finally decide which is the best route, and if the advantages of this route over any other possible route are sufficiently marked, we should then give notice that we can no longer submit to trifling or insincere dealing on the part of those whom the accident of possession has placed in temporary control of the ground through which the route must pass." He ends by declaring that if the possessors of the territory fail to come to a straightforward agreement with us "we must forthwith take the matter into our hands."

A CHRISTMAS OFFER.

I will enlarge a picture in Crayon or Sepia Work for only $3.00 with a good, suitable frame half a dozen different kinds of frames to select from.

Remember such a chance on first class and guaranteed work only comes once in a life time. Small pictures returned with the Portraits.

PLEASE READ THIS.

SMETHPORT, PA., Nov. 19, 1902.

To Whom it may Concern:

I certify that Mr. Chas. Mesler of Smethport, Pa., did some portrait work for me and that it was well executed and satisfactory.

THOMAS A. MORRISON.

Now don't forget the place and this offer is only good until Christmas.

Studio at residence.

CHAS. G. MESLER,
SMETHPORT, PA.
CORNER MAIN AND FIRE STREETS.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

Annual Sale of Linen for Thanksgiving.

Irish, Scotch and German Linens, the perfection of weave and finish. Best qualities. Every household will need some of these fine Table Damasks. Prices lowered for this annual event.

25c	Cotton Damask,	19c	per yard
50c	All Linen Damask,	45c	per yard
75	" " "	65c	" "
$1.00	" " "	90c	" "
$1.25	" " "	$1.10	" "
$1.50	" " "	$1.35	" "
$1.75	" " "	$1.65	" "

One lot of All Linen Napkins, $1.25 grade, at 98c doz.
One lot of Napkins, $1.50 grade, at $1.35 per doz.
Other special values ranging at 59c to $10.00 per dozen.

Ladies' and Children's Coats.

Increased sales in this dept. indicate the correctness of our garments in both price and style. We are showing a stock of coats this season that we want every woman to see the immense assortment.

$10.00 $12.50 $15.00 $18.00

Children's Coats $2.50 to $10.00

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show-case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Boldly and Truthfully

we state that we can produce
Better Styles,
Better Fitting Clothing,
Finer Shoes, Hats, Underwear,
&c., at

LOWER PRICES

Than the whole combination of competitors in this city.

It will not cost you a cent to look us over.

Wm. Monheimer.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR M. STRONG,
RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30 000.00.

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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

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under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

A PRESCRIPTION

Guaranteed to keep you comfortable in cold weather.

Is Your Temperature Going Down?

Try Overcoat treatment, guaranteed cure for cold, taken in small, medium or long doses. All sorts of good overcoats, $3.25 to $25.00

Temperature Still Going Down?

Try suit treatment, gets nearer to you than overcoats and comes at attractive prices. Good sorts marked $4.00 to $20.00.

Your Temperature Gone Down as Far as it Can? No?

Try our good warm underwear, all styles, kinds and grades, 25c to $2.50 per garment.

THERE! We have made you comfortable at last and you'll stay so all winter. Pocketbook isn't hurt much either, is it?

Sole agent for the Terhune Union Made Shoes, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00.

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Go to store of

D. C. YOUNG

and do your trading. Best assorted stock in town. Do not forget to ask for

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

When you get a book filled you can get one of the finest premiums ever offered in exchange for trading stamps. If you have not already seen the premiums it will pay you to call and look them over. Then look over premiums given by dealers in other trading stamps and you can satisfy yourself which are the best. To those merchants who are sneaking about town exchanging inferior stamps for purple trading stamps, would say, come to my store and I can make arrangements for you to have all the stamps and get them in an honorable way. If there are any of my customers who have been taken in by this underhanded dealing, would say to them, come to my store and start a new book on same terms your original book was started.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.

Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double-Clothing Store

We are sole selling agents for the

Glone-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg. Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan Firs

16 Main Street, BRADFO

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and retur[illegible] $10.00 purchase.

Dry Goods Carpets

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Double Stamps Saturday — ANNUAL — Double Stamps Saturday

THANKSGIVING LINEN SALE.

Our large linen stock this season is far ahead of all previous seasons in quality, as well as value, and the patterns were never so beautiful. This stock includes:

Lunch Cloths
Tray Cloths
Center Pieces

Linen Doilies
Complete Damask Linen Sets

DAMASK LINEN

58 inch	.25
72 inch	.50
72 inch	.65
72 inch	.85
72 inch	1.00
72 inch	1.25
72 inch	1.50
72 inch	1.75

Napkins to match all linen cloths @

$1.25	$1.75	$1.95	$2.25
$2.50	$3.25	$3.50	$3.75
$4.00	$5.00	per doz.	

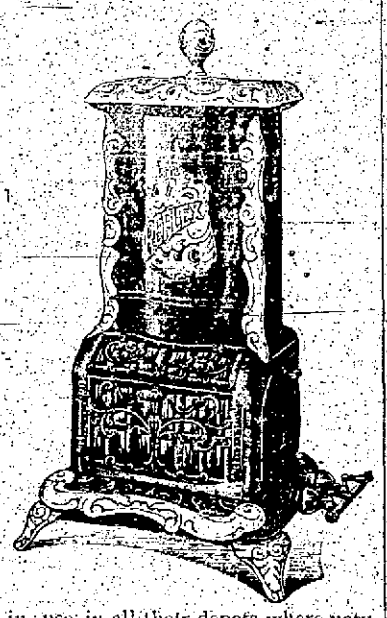
Hemstitched Damask Linen Sets @

$5.00	$6.75	$8.25	$10.50

F. G. Lindholm & Co.—

Shoes — Cloaks

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 19. 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Thanksgiving next Thursday.

—Window glass workers are flocking into town.

—Read what Bell Brothers have to say in this issue.

—Fry & Herzog advertise seasonable goods in their space.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Abbey, on Tuesday, Nov. 17, a boy.

—Cooking utensils are advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—Kane will probably have another gas company in the near future.

—Mrs. J. H. Biever is quite seriously ill at her home on Water street.

—Now that the fires are in the business men feel much encouraged.

—Don't forget the Red Men's dance at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening.

—The J. C. O. C. of Colegrove will give a dance at Crosby Friday evening.

—A Thanksgiving linen sale is advertised by F. G. Lindholm & Co. this week.

—The horse show is on in New York and society is dressed in its best this week.

—The winter weather has come on quite suddenly and everybody feels it keenly.

—The whist club was entertained at the residence of Hon. Thos. A. Morrison last evening.

—Sermon by Gaylard H. Patterson at union Thanksgiving service at the Baptist church.

—Regina Knowles, graduate of Warner's Business College, has secured a position at Buffalo.

—Mrs. Lottie Taylor, who has been seriously ill, is now out of danger but she is still confined to her bed.

—Miss Florence Hall of Rew City and Marshall Passmore of Garlock were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents yesterday.

—The [illegible] will play for a [illegible] at El- [illegible] is making a good reputation for itself.

—It is reported that Emperor William is personally designing a yacht to compete for the much covered cup in the near future.

—Among the notable additions to Alfred's library is a set of the American and English Cyclopedia of Law in thirty-one volumes.

—The Haines Flint Bottle works is doing a rushing business now. They have orders enough to keep them busy until March so we understand.

—After the regular business was over Brown Hive L. O. T. M. enjoyed a "feast" last Tuesday afternoon at their rooms and a good time was had.

—Thirty persons were killed in a railroad accident near New Orleans last Saturday. Of this number 29 were negroes. There were 18 others injured.

—H. W. Rubin has a new advertisement this week calling attention to his large stock of fashionable clothing. It will pay you to read his advertisement carefully.

—The new residence of C. D. Comes on King street is being furnished by Bell Brothers of Olean. This is sufficient guarantee that everything will be first-class.

—"Human Hearts" will be the attraction at the Lyceum on Friday night of next week. This is a strong drama played by a company of good actors and should draw a crowded house.

—The case in regard to the granting of liquor licenses in Coudersport was argued before the Superior Court last week. The opinion will probably not be handed down for some time.

—B. G. Bartle, late of Port Allegany, has accepted a position on the Olean Ledger staff. Mr. Bartle is a good newspaper man and we trust he will be a valuable addition to the Ledger force.

—In a wreck on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Buffalo and East Aurora last Friday night Engineer Alonzo Cole was killed and Fireman James Mulvaney was quite badly injured. The train ran off a derailing switch.

—At Parkersburg, W. Va., last Saturday night Mabel Barnes, a white girl, killed Hersey Jones, a colored girl, by cutting her throat. The Barnes girl met the colored girl and her two sisters on the street and after a desperate fight between the four Miss Jones was killed. The two principals were rivals for the love of Oscar Peters, a negro.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald was twelve years old last week. Under the management of Tom M. McClellan the Herald is a hustler and seems to be able to take care of itself under any circumstances.

—Andrew H. Green, father of the Greater New York idea, was shot and killed on his doorstep in that city on Friday. C. M. Williams, an insane negro, did the deed. There was no apparent cause for the terrible crime.

—George O. Slone, formerly city editor of the Bradford Record, has accepted a position as general manager and editor of the Elk Democrat, published at Ridgway. The paper will be changed to a daily publication. Success to Mr. Slone and the new paper.

—Humane Officer Driscoll of Bradford has received from the county commissioners the sum of $31, costs of escorting and transporting to Morganza, Charles R. Martin, an alleged incorrigible. Some question had been raised about the costs, but the commissioners waived all objections to paying.

—The many thousands of stockholders in the United States steel trust are demanding an explanation of the great drop in its market value. There is no apparent reason for this decided depression with the exception that the dividends which have been earned have not been paid over to the stockholders.

—The Methodist Sunday school will give a measuring party at the Epworth chapel Thanksgiving night. A first class entertainment will be given and refreshments served. The admission will be three cents for each foot you are tall and one cent per inch above the even feet you measure. Everybody is invited and a good time assured.

—The family of W. J. Kerr left this week for Smethport, where Mr. Kerr has established himself in the jewelry business and where he will make his headquarters in the future. During a residence of a number of years in Mt. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have made many warm friends, who while regretting their departure, will wish them happiness in their new home.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. showed to a well-filled house at the Lyceum Tuesday evening, and the audience was well pleased. The play itself was cut considerably to give time for the many specialties and was not above the standard, but the specialties fully made up these deficiences. Every one of them was good and especial mention is due to little Eva's singing and dancing and the cake-walk.

—Hays Heath has been circulating stories on his trip up the line that will probably lead to trouble. Last week at Mt. Jewett he told that a neighbor of his caught a fish so large that it became entangled in the bend of the river and was lost. When it is considered that Hays never exaggerates (very much) it is plain that if he keeps this up all the people up there will be down here fishing. We can't afford to lose all our suckers.—Eldred Eagle.

—Harry Thomas, son of ex-County Treasurer Charles M. Thomas of Cameron county, was accidentally killed on Thursday of last week at Emporium. The young man entered his bed room at his parents' home to get a shotgun, intending to go on a hunting trip, when Mrs. Thomas heard a report. Upon going to the room she found her son dead, the contents of the gun having entered his left side, just above the heart. From the position the body lay it was very evident he was pulling the gun from behind a chest when the trigger caught, discharging the piece.

—The messages of the Hebrew prophets will be presented on successive Sunday mornings at the Methodist church in such a way as to show that they spoke to conditions of life extremely like our own,—"a well fed and sanguine patriotism at the expense of indifference to social sin and want." The prophet Amos' arraignment of the false security of religious formalism will be presented next Sunday morning. The text for a Thanksgiving sermon Sunday evening is, "The people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday next the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The morning subject will be "The Power of Music." (St. Cecelia's Day Nov. 22.) At the evening service the subject will be "The Six Principles." Bishop Whitehead will be at St. Luke's on Saturday evening, Nov. 28th, and on Sunday morning, Nov. 29th. Thanksgiving Day service at 10:30 a. m. There will be a special list of anthems and festal music with some of the old hymns of praise. The service will begin promptly at 10:30 a. m. and will last about one hour. All are cordially invited to attend.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

WANTED—To buy an old safe, medium size, for shop. Must be cheap for cash. Address Chas. Phalon, Newell, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. C. L. Willey visited Bradford friends this week.

C. C. Boyd spent Sunday with his parents in Bradford.

Dr. and Mrs. John Clark were visitors in Buffalo yesterday.

Mrs. O. H. Barker of Bradford is the guest of friends in town.

Thomas Whitton of Olean had business in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Bouton were Coudersport visitors last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin are visiting in Buffalo this week.

F. J. Andrews of Wellsboro spent Sunday with his parents in town.

Miss Tavia Raymer was the guest of Port Allegany friends over Sunday.

Charles Brown of Hazelhurst was a business visitor in town on Monday.

George Shepard of Port Allegany spent Sunday with his family in town.

Mrs. C. W. Foster of Bradford is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Mrs. John Meisel of Clermont was a welcome caller at this office while in town Monday.

James Biggins of Eldred had business in town yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

C. H. Goodrich of Syracuse, N. Y., was the guest of his sister, Mrs. James McGuire, over Sunday.

Miss Anna Nelson and Miss Lula Masterson of Bradford are visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Beatrice Elliott was the guest of her friend, Miss Nellie Howrd of DuBois from Friday until Sunday.

Miss Mary Selover who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, returned to her home in Albany, N. Y., on Monday.

Mrs. J. W. Wardner of St. Regis Falls, N. Y., and Mrs. Edward Becker of Olean, N. Y., are the guests of Mrs. C. H. Deming.

G. E. Smith of Eldred, Pa., will pay cash for buckwheat or will grind it for you. He has in connection with his feed mill just put in one of the best Roller Process machines made. This includes a fine "cleaner" and "huller." He can do as good a job as can be done anywhere. Try him.

For Sale.

A good new milch cow. Inquire of John N. Apple, Smethport, Pa.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, BROMO-PEPSIN is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 27, June Term, 1903

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, E. D. Parsons did, on the 26th day of February, 1903, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Alma B. Parsons.

We therefore command you, the said Alma B. Parsons, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of E. D. Parsons, and show cause, if any you have, why the said E. D. Parsons, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1903.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, June Term, 1903.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Anna Smith did, on the 26th day of February, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, V. E. F. Smith.

We therefore command you, the said V. E. F. Smith, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Anna Smith and show cause, if any you have, why the said Anna Smith, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1903.

F. D Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 153, June Term, 1903.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Aline Lachapelle did, on the 9th day of April, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Lachapelle.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Lachapelle, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Aline Lachapelle and show cause, if any you have, why the said Aline Lachapelle, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy,

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1903.

New Goods

coming in every day.

Our stock of

MILLINERY

is very large and up-to-date in every respect.

We also carry a large stock of ladies' furnishing. An elegant line of furs just received.

Ask for purple stamps.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,

Smethport, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

This Store will be Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Fine Umbrellas

By way of a helpful suggestion on the Christmas gift problem we direct your attention to a beautiful line of ladies' and gents' umbrellas which have just arrived.

This is surely much the finest line of these goods ever offered in the town and you'll do well to make an early selection.

We guarantee the satisfactory wear of handles, frames and tops.

The handles comprise a wide variety in gold, silver, stag and natural wood.

Grades to suit you. Requirements up to $10.50 each.

Lambs Wool Boas

For Misses and Children. In point of beauty, durability and value these are certainly remarkable offerings.

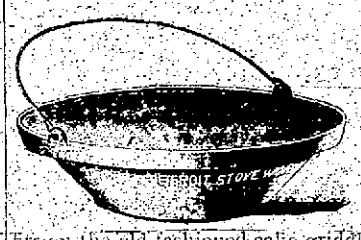
They are made from the natural lamb skin with the wool thoroughly washed and combed to a snowy whiteness.

They will render in wear and satisfaction double the price we ask.

Boas 36 inches long, each 50c.
Boas 48 " " $1.00.
Boas 54 " " $1.25.
Muffs each $1.50.

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

FRY & HERZOG.



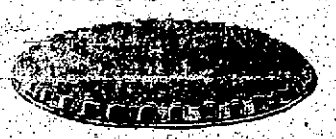
If You Have Had Trouble

in baking pancakes over a gas fire on the old fashioned cake griddle you should try a

Detroit Jewel Griddle

Specially constructed for use with gas stoves. There is a deflecting plate between the open bottom and the top plate, and this has the effect of so distributing the heat that all parts of the top plate are equally heated.

Still Less Trouble.



The Jewel Sad Iron Heater, a very desirable article for use on gas ranges for heating sad irons or to protect utensils from direct contact with gas flames.

Try these and you will like them.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

A CARD.

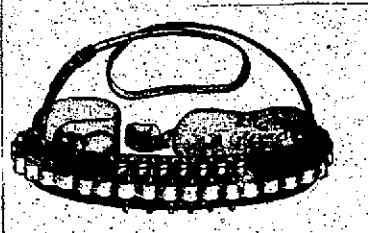
We are now having our fall goods preparing for Christmas. We will show you as fine a line of foreign and domestic goods as can be found in any city. Watch this space for later announcements.

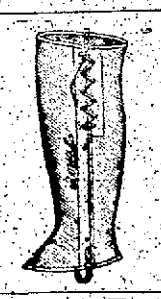
PRILL,
ART JEWELER.
7 MAIN ST. BRADFORD.

HEADQUARTERS

For Guns and Sporting Goods.

If a Hunter Uses it We Have it.





J. C. HAMLIN

The HONEYMOON COOK

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

They had been married two years, "long enough," Prue suddenly declared, "to dispense with all honeymoon demonstrativeness."

Tom Dawson put down his evening paper and stared at the pretty little partner of his joys and sorrows. "I'm afraid I don't understand, dear," he said.

"Why, it's very simple. If you know that I care for you—and I am certain that you care for me—all signs of affection are quite superfluous; they may be dropped."

"Oh!" Tom said dubiously. "Well, what shall I drop first?" There was a twinkle in his eyes, and Prue saw it.

"To be serious," she pleaded, "to begin with, you must not kiss me when you come home to dinner and—and—other times. You must drop"—

"Drop you a courtesy instead," he interrupted her laughingly.

"Don't be ridiculous, Tom! You know very well that there are many useless customs that should be abandoned, many things that should be dropped."

"Yes," he said, smiling whimsically, "Hannah thinks so, I know. She dropped my meerschaum this morning. We must take lessons of that girl, Prue, or drop her. On the whole, I think we'd better drop her."

"It will not be necessary," she said, with dignity. "Hannah gave notice this morning. I shall have to find some one else within a week."

"I'm sorry—sorry, I mean, for the family she'll drop down on next. Hannah's no feather weight, you know. Speaking of dropping"—

"I am not speaking of it now. It is quite useless while you are in such a mood," she said indignantly, rising from her chair.

Before she could leave the room Tom was at her side. "Forgive me, dear," he said. "I didn't know you were in such sober earnest." He stopped to kiss the pink cheek next to him, but Prue lifted a protesting hand. "Don't, Tom!" she said. "You forget; it isn't necessary."

"No, it isn't necessary"—the words came soberly enough now—"only sweet and natural."

And the next day, when the time came to say goodby, Prue had no occasion to complain of his "honeymoon demonstrativeness."

"Tom is very sensible this morning," she said to herself, but she sighed as she said it and went about all day with a wistful look in her blue eyes. Tom was "sensible" in the evening also, and the next morning he was so very sensible that Prue cried a little, but perhaps it was for joy. Even "sensible" people do that.

That afternoon Matilda made her appearance. Hannah came into the sitting room to announce her arrival. "Matilda Stebbins is here, Mrs. Dawson," she said, "after my place. Will I show her in, ma'am? She and me used to work together once, and she's a beautiful good cook."

"Yes, I will see her," Prue said. And in a moment a tall, lank, freckle faced girl was standing in the doorway, smiling at her. "Will you be seated?" Prue asked pleasantly, and the girl slid into a chair, still smiling.

"I hope you'll give me a try," she said. "I'd like first rate to cook for you and him."

It was Prue's turn to smile. "Have you had much experience?" she asked.

"Heaps of it, ma'am, but never long to one place."

"That seems strange!" Prue exclaimed.

"Well, you see, ma'am, the honeymoons don't usually stretch out over and above six months."

"The honeymoons?"

"Yes, ma'am. I don't cook and do for none but new married folks. Hannah told me about you and him when she first came here two months ago. She said as how she knew you was just married."

Prue blushed. "How did Hannah know it?" she asked.

"Easy enough, ma'am. It's like measles and whoopin' cough. She could tell by the symptoms. I'd rather live where there's lovemakin' goin' on continual than read the best novel ever made up."

This was interesting, but very embarrassing to Mrs. Thomas Dawson. Two days ago she would have laughed heartily at Matilda's sayings and have found much enjoyment in repeating them to Tom. But present conditions made the girl's remarks seem almost personal, yet she felt tempted to engage her.

"Matilda," said she, "did Hannah tell you the wages she received and the work she was expected to do?"

"Yes'm, she did, and I don't think she'll better herself none goin' to work in a factory."

"Very well, I will give you a trial. When can you come?"

"I can stay now, ma'am, and get dinner if you'll let me go home for my clothes when the work's rid up. Hannah wants to leave as soon as she can anyways."

And so it happened that the honeymoon cook held sway in the Dawson kitchen when the owner of the house came home that evening.

"You will be glad to hear that I've engaged a new girl," Prue said to him in the distantly polite tone that she had recently adopted in speaking to her husband.

"Very glad," he answered, "if she is an improvement on Hannah."

The dinner was excellent, and Matilda was very attentive in her service at table, beaming on them as though she would say, "Bless you, my children!" Late in the evening, when they were apparently much absorbed in reading, they heard a strange sound, half cough, half sneeze, in the hall. Prue looked up from the book. "What was that?" she said. Tom was on his way to the door when Matilda entered the room. "It was me, ma'am," she said. "I never walk in on new married folks without givin' 'em warnin' I'm a-comin'—not at first. Of course they get used to me after awhile and go right on lovin' if I do see 'em. Nothin' suits me better'n that!"

Prue's face was scarlet. She dared not look at Tom. Oh, why had she engaged the services of such a silly, sentimental creature?

"If you please, ma'am," Matilda continued, "I'm goin' home now to get my clothes, and I'll say good night to you and him."

"Thought we were new married folks,' did she?" Tom said grimly. "I can't imagine why. She's a good cook," he added, "and I hope we can keep her."

"We can," Prue said to herself, "if we will meet her peculiar requirements. But I'll not be driven into any foolishly unnecessary display of affection."

For three days the Dawsons enjoyed the results of Matilda's culinary efforts, but a heavy heart will affect the best of appetites somewhat, and on the fourth day Matilda complained that they "didn't seem to relish their victuals" and she "guessed she'd better be goin'."

"Oh, no," Prue cried. "No one could suit us better than you do."

"I'm glad of that, ma'am; but there's another reason." And she hung her head.

Prue was painfully embarrassed, for she could guess the other reason. "I hope you will stay," she stammered.

"I'll think it over till tomorrow, ma'am, but I feel as if Hannah hadn't been fair with me, leadin' me to expect things was different between you and him from what they really be."

Tom came home later than usual that night. Prue was in the hall giving some instructions to Matilda when he opened the door. His eyes looked tired and sad, she thought. She hesitated a moment—only a moment—for Matilda was present, and now was her opportunity to redeem herself in the girl's eyes, when she ran to meet her husband and held up her face to be kissed. The tired look faded from his eyes as if by magic, and he put both arms around her and held her close. "Has my little wife come to her senses?" he asked.

"Hush!" she answered. "I still think it's unnecessary, but Matilda likes it. She refuses to stay unless we are affectionate like." And she laughed hysterically.

"Oh," Tom said. That was all, but there was a world of disappointment in the exclamation. Then he looked beyond his wife at Matilda, who stood beaming at him, her hands clasped in ecstasy. "Well, she'll stay now," he said bitterly. "I congratulate you."

Yes; Matilda had decided to remain. She came to the sitting room door after dinner to announce her decision.

After she had gone Prue left her seat and moved restlessly about the room. Then she sighed so deeply that Tom looked up from his paper. "Headache?" he asked.

"N-no," she said. Her lips trembled, and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed out, "It's just heart ache, Tom."

"Heart ache?" he said gently. "I thought I had a monopoly of that."

Prue came close to his chair and leaned against an arm of it. "Tom," she cried remorsefully—"Tom, dear, will you forgive me and"—her voice sank to a whisper—"kiss me?"

He caught her hands in his and drew her down beside him. "To please Matilda?" he asked.

"Oh, Tom, you know better!"

"Because if it's to please that girl I'll be hanged if I"— But something prevented further speech just then.

* * * * * * *

When the Dawsons celebrated their tin wedding it was with the assistance of their honeymoon cook.

An Unfamiliar Dialect.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which the cockneys speak it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

The woman wished to see the city all by herself. Somebody told her that if she went to the terminus of some bus lines, it did not matter which, and waited a little she would hear the conductor call out the places on the route and then could choose that which she wished to visit.

She found a place where buses were arriving and departing and waited. She heard many curious names, but failed to understand much that the bus men said. Every now and then the man on the step of a bus would call out, "Mobloteh, Mobloteh!" and she wondered what part of London "Mobloteh" might be. She had never heard of it before, and she had been studying London for six months. At last she ventured to address a conductor who looked approachable.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said, "where one takes the bus for the Marble arch?"

The man looked at her pityingly. Her American accent was thick upon her, and he perceived also that she must be deaf. He leaned toward her and drew a long breath. Then he bellowed:

"This is your bus, ma'am!" and began to shout, "Mobloteh, Mobloteh!"

The visitor had let seven "Mobloteh" buses go because she never once guessed that that is the way Marble arch is pronounced in London.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Healey Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zing's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box; by mail 50c.

DR. ZING MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

ALONG PICCADILLY.

There the Tide of Social London Flows to the Fullest.

Piccadilly seems cold and blatant by contrast as one charges down it. Yet even here, be the sunshine ever so bright, the visitor is crowned in the pearly haze that tones, attenuates, unifies, most if not all of London, that haze that has tantalized and defeated how many artists! Even over Piccadilly, even over this the most mundane of all London streets, it throws its saving glamour. Indeed the whole splendid avenue might serve for a studio, not for its values alone, but for the complexity of the types that throng it. It is the quintessence of London, the distillation of all London humanity, to be studied nowhere so narrowly as from a bus top. Perfect Du Mauriers in the original approach, pass by and are left behind or stand in groups looking from the club windows. Phil Mays in the life swarm beneath one, and characters from Thackeray and Dickens jostle unsuspectingly on the sidewalk. The clubs alone, which never look so thoroughly clubbable as when hastily glanced at from a passing bus, will store one's memory with a hundred recognizable types. All England, all the empire, indeed, sooner or later finds its way to Piccadilly. One cannot pass down it without a sight of some glittering, turbaned, alien figure, majestically isolated, majestically unheeded. Regent street may claim a grander sweep, and by virtue of its shops a more devoted femininity, but it is along Piccadilly that the tide of social London flows brim full.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

In Frozen Russia.

In Russia, where the cold in winter is very intense, the markets are very curious things. The meat is frozen; the carcasses of dead animals, as sheep and pigs, stand upright outside the stalls; everything, even game and poultry, requires to be thawed before it can be cooked, and the market people's dress is as picturesque as it is warm and comfortable.

Then the rivers are frozen over all the winter long, and so thick is the ice that every one can skate anywhere and any time. Stalls are put up on the ice, and busy markets held there.

In the Asiatic part of Russia the people live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and the fur of the Russian animals is very beautiful—the ermine, fox, sable, sea otter and others.

At the end of the winter, when the snow melts, the huntsman pursues the elk, wearing long shoes, in which he can glide over the snow very quickly, while the poor elk sinks into the snow deeper and deeper every step and is at last overtaken and killed.

His Two Purchases.

A story is told of a Louisiana merchant who came to New York determined to secure a bargain. He wanted cheap cloaks, and after trying in vain to suit himself at the wholesale houses, he bought a job lot at auction. He examined the goods hurriedly and had them shipped home. In due time he was confronted by an excited head salesman who said the garments were out of style.

"They didn't look that way," said the merchant.

"But they are," replied the clerk.

The merchant persisted that the cloaks would sell, but they didn't. In desperation he returned them to New York to be disposed of to best advantage. On his next trip to New York he again visited an auction house and bought a lot of cloaks. When he returned home and examined his purchase he saw that he had bought the same lot as before.—World's Work.

The Bird Monopolist.

As is generally known, the cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched and the young cuckoos reared by their foster parents. The young cuckoo throws the other birds out of the nest and gets all the care itself. After murdering its foster brothers and sisters in the most deliberate and callous way it is thenceforth tended with the greatest devotion. Long after it has left the nest the great bird, apparently big enough to get its own living and many times larger than its foster parents, is followed about and fed by them with the same care as when in the nest.

Oak Wood.

The oak is a historic wood. As early as the eleventh century it became the favorite wood of civilized Europe, and specimens of carving and interior finish have come down to us from that early day; their pristine beauty enhanced by the subduing finger of time. The early colonists brought with them to the shores of America their love for this wood, and here, too, the oak acquired historical interests.

Impudent Masculine Assumption.

Mr. Ferguson—Whose character were you and Mrs. Tarrup discussing when I came in?

Mrs. Ferguson—What made you think we were discussing anybody's character?

Mr. Ferguson—I noticed you were busily talking—that's all.—Exchange.

Taking and Giving.

"You can't," said the philosopher, "take from a thing without making it less."

"Oh, I don't know," the fool replied. "Have you ever tried taking a light from one candle with another?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Natural Desire.

Sm-th—I wonder what Br-wn intends to do with all the money he got for those historical novels he wrote.

J-n-s—He intends to travel. He feels that he ought to visit some of the places he wrote about just to see what they are like.—Life.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

A WHISTLER STORY.

The Climax of a Dinner in Honor of the Eccentric Artist.

At the close of the case of Whistler against Ruskin, the former, finding himself very much in need of rest and recreation, decided to make a southern trip. When he arrived in Venice his American friend thought to cheer him by giving a little dinner in his honor, to which were bidden several friends of the artist, principally Americans and some few Italians. During the meal there arose a discussion which left an opening for Mr. Whistler to use upon his host one of those keen, incisive, verbal thrusts peculiar to him, which left wounds extremely difficult to heal. The whole company was startled but the host merely smiled, seeming to notice only the brilliancy of the attack. Presently, however, the dinner came to an end and the foreign guests took their leave. Then the host turned upon Mr. Whistler and, in a voice trembling with suppressed anger, said:

"Jimmie, do you know that you brutally insulted me tonight?"

"Yes," replied the artist thoughtfully. "Well," continued the host, "I held my temper while there were others than our own countrymen present, but do you know what I shall do if ever you speak to me like that again?"

"What?"

"I'll grab the nearest water bottle and smash it over your head."

The rest of the company sat quite still, horror and dismay in their hearts, while their angry host glared across the table at his antagonist. After a few seconds Mr. Whistler said in a tone of childlike innocence:

"Then I know what I'll do. I'll never say anything like that to you again."—London Academy.

Courtship in Caracas.

After the evening meal is finished the "padre" may go to his club or cafe, while the ladies betake themselves to the large, open bay window. Lamps are placed near them, and as you wander through the streets you plainly see everywhere at the height of your own eyes and quite near enough for a handshake long rows of these groups of women, now gayly and often brilliantly dressed, thickly powdered and bedecked with the quaint old jewelry of the country.

Then by and by a young man appears in front of almost every window and converses with those inside. In most cases he is the suitor for the hand of one of the daughters of the house. Evening after evening he thus pays his respects to her family, standing for hours on the sidewalk, till the day arrives when the mother of his adored one believes the fact of his courting her daughter sufficiently advertised to the neighbors as well as to the community at large. Then only the doors of the house are thrown open to him.—Otto von Gottberg in Harper's Magazine.

Ruskin as a Gardener.

Fond as Ruskin was of flowers, especially wild ones, he had his own ideas as to what a garden ought to be, and in his practical gardening was quite a landscapist. He liked making paths and contriving pretty nooks. When he first came to Brantwood he would have his coppice cut no more. It spindled up to great tall steps, slender and sinuous, promising no timber, and past the age for all commercial use or time honored wont. Neighbors shook their heads, but they did not know the pictures of Botticelli, and Ruskin had made his coppice into an early Italian affair piece. Then he had his espalier of apples and a little gooseberry patch and a few standard fruit trees and some strawberries mixed with flowers. In one corner there were beehives in the old fashioned pent house trailed over with creepers. Here and there were little hummocks, each with its special interest of fern or flower.—Good Words.

Looking Under the Hat.

You seldom will find a brainy man with a round head. The head that contains lots of brains either is very long from front to back or else irregular. You can learn something of a man's mental ability by the hat he wears. If his head is so bumpy that it seems as if he never could get a hat to fit him he probably is a genius or a crack-a-jack in some particular line. If his head is long from front to back he is a clear thinker and smart as a whip. So if your hat costs more money than your friend's hat does and you are harder to fit be consoled by considering that your brain is worth more.—New York Press.

A Race of Masked Men.

The Touaregs of the Sahara are one of the most curious races of mankind. The men never expose their faces to public view. They always wear a cloth mask, even when they are eating and sleeping. It is said that only one white traveler has ever seen a Touarag unmasked. They think they are dishonored if their faces are uncovered.

Impressive.

"Why did we arrive late and leave before the opera was over?" asked the youngest daughter. "It was very enjoyable."

"Of course it was," answered Mrs. Newrich, "but, my dear, we had to show people that we didn't care whether we got our money's worth or not."

The Proof of the Pudding.

"You can hardly persuade Miss Oldgirl that marriage is not a failure."

"Why? She never did marry."

"But she tried to and failed."—Smart Set.

Every bird, sooner or later, comes down from its perch.—Schoolmaster.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Members of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. McIvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. H. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Welsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tena Raymer, secretary, G. B. Mayo, treasurer, W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. B. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, jr., F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FURCHGOTT, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ARELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PRICE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall, Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Carlton H. Pattenson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:08 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 22, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Lewisburg, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:20 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car, Buffalo, Rochester to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:15 p. m.—Train 6, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:18 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (7:33 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.			NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH	Weekdays.	
A. M.	Lv.				Ar.	P. M.	
9 35				Ridgway		12 01	
9 50				Johnsonburg		11 49	
10 17				Glen Hazel		11 27	
10 18				Straight		11 26	
10 20				Instanter		11 18	
10 26				Smith's Run		11 09	
10 34				Woodvale		11 02	
10 40				Clermont		11 00	
A. M.						A. M.	

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:32 a. m. for Erie at 3:50 p. m. and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 9, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Alden, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—To Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 8:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 18. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 21, 1902.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:00	8:10	Lv Mt. Jewett Ar	8:00	12:50	
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:50	11:48	5:00
5:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:47	11:45	4:21
5:18	1:55	8:37	Murrvindale	7:39	11:38	4:14
5:21	2:00	8:40	Kasson	7:36	11:34	4:10
5:30	2:07	8:47	Comes	7:28	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:10	11:10	3:55
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
5:54	1:50	9:04	Smethport	7:00	11:00	3:35
6:00	2:37	9:20	Mullin	6:20	10:38	3:28
6:07	2:35	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:08	11:07	3:22
6:14	2:45	9:34	Coryville	7:01	11:00	3:15
6:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:56	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Cowley	7.37	2.33	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carter's	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Bed June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.47	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.32	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.28	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.26
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coup'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.30	7.45	12.15	Ar	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.37
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.50	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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IN THE WAKE OF A SIDE COMB

By SYLVIA LEE

Copyright, 1901, by T. C. McClure.

When the girl one loves as one has never loved before throws her arms about one's neck and says, "And I think it would be so lovely to have diamond side combs instead of a solitaire, if you don't mind, dear," and blushes—

Well, one buys the side combs without a question, and later perhaps one realizes. But then it's too late.

It thus befell with Harkness, and Leda were the two starry hands so deftly posed, and the knotted tangles of her shiny curls that they suggested a dialect and knowledge of man to the conclusion which time honored custom has drawn from the solitaire. In fact, before the betrothal was a week old Harkness himself began to wonder.

And when, at a dance at the Lake-side club, young Wrycroft, the very famous half back, invited Leda to go out for a moonlight row around the pier with him and Leda accepted and went Harkness not only wondered, but grit his teeth as well. No man who has spent ten years dancing attendance on other men's fiancees and other men's wives is going to enjoy it's while his own, personal fiance and future wife is off with a fellow whose name has headed newspaper columns and whose chest can hardly find space for all his medals. The couple were gone an hour and seven minutes by a watch which had come down through three generations of the Harkness family and when they did reappear the owner of the watch stood at the head of the wide stair and claimed the young lady for the next waltz. Wrycroft, happily oblivious to his empty-shelled self, and Harkness led the girl around the wide promenade to a place which was quiet and roofed enough for private conversation. He was shelling, within, but not outside of a heap more sweetly calm. It was the way in which he put his arm around her and asked with careless placidity:

"Did you row far, dear?"

"I didn't row at all," said Leda. "He rowed."

Harkness kissed her with exceeding gentleness. "Did you land anywhere darling—on the Point, for instance?"

"No—no," said Leda.

Harkness passed his finger over her pretty hair in silence for a few minutes, and then he suddenly gave a sharp exclamation:

"Good God, Leda, you've lost one of your combs!"

Leda put both hands to her head and almost shrieked as she realized the truth.

"Perhaps you forgot to put one in?" said her lover.

"No, I had them both, I'm sure." She began to cry. Harkness scratched matches, and they both looked all over the floor, but not a diamond glittered in the general gloom of the hour.

Very much later in the evening while Harkness was twostepping with Mrs. Lancaster a sudden turn showed him Leda speaking earnestly to Wrycroft. Wrycroft looked terribly used up, and Harkness smiled grimly.

"Oh, what a smile!" said Mrs. Lancaster. "It's both impressive and frightening. You make me afraid of you, and yet I admire the smile."

Harkness wondered if he wasn't a fool to be contemplating the addition of another wife to the assemblage.

"You look like a cross between Mephistopheles and Machiavelli," went on Mrs. Lancaster, who was slender and never lost her breath. "Which do you favor?"

"I can't spell either," replied Harkness shortly. He felt inclined to join the next expedition to the north pole.

The dance endured exceedingly late. It was quite 3 when the last woman retired and a half dozen men were still hanging on the piazza when the first gray streaks of dawn appeared above the Point. Harkness sprang up when he perceived them and yawned vigorously.

"I'm going to bed," he declared, "and I shall not tarry long upon the order of my sleeping, either."

Young Wrycroft stood up, too, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"I don't feel very fit," he said slowly. "I believe I'll go for a little row and maybe take a dip from the Point."

He went down the steps as Harkness entered the house. Later curiosity led the latter to wander to the window and look to see if Wrycroft was really carrying out his purpose.

A rowboat lay on the sandy stretch opposite, and the rosy light of the rising sun illumined a figure which paced restlessly up and down the rustic paths skirting the shore.

"I shouldn't call that exactly swimming?" said Harkness to himself a little grimly. He pulled down the shade with a violent jerk and got into bed.

* * * * * * *

It was quite noon when he awoke, the day was glorious, and the bosom of the lake was dotted with sailing craft. He gave the bell two pulls for hot water and twisted the dressing table toward the window as a preliminary to shaving. The mirror reflected no Point, and as Harkness started to do it he saw a girl disembarking alone. He rubbed his bold glasses.

Yes, it was Leda!

He threw the glasses on the bed and went on with his toilet.

Every one was at luncheon when he went down, and as he stopped by Leda's chair to remind her that she was to drive out with him at 3 he could not help seeing how wretched she looked. Her hair bore no sign of side comb.

When they went out later there seemed to be a species of shadow mixed with the preliminary's lence.

The man spoke first (and he waited a good while).

"You haven't found it, have you?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Don't you think perhaps it fell out in the boat?"

"Why, there was nothing in the boat to loosen it?"

Harkness felt the corners of his mouth suddenly give way even while his temper rose. He looked off to the right for a long minute and then asked severely:

"Was there anything at the Point to loosen it?"

Leda's mouth flew open in undisguised fright.

"Who told you we were to the Point?"

"I knew it all the time."

She began to cry.

"I never will again, truly."

"How could you behave so?" said the lover, humoring himself, suddenly, into the full tide of his righteous wrath. "You put me beyond all patience going off like that with Wrycroft when you know perfectly well that you belong to some one else, and then actually telling him—"

Leda seized his arm.

"Only once," she protested earnestly "only once."

"Once is once too often," said Harkness, a great and exceeding bitterness welling up in his tone. "Once is a great, great many times too often, considering the situation. Now, Leda, listen to me," he continued steeply. "Either promise me that you will never, never again do anything in the slightest degree questionable or I will call it off, and you can go back the ruin that you still have."

"Oh, I'll promise," said Leda, with a sudden sore choke. "I'll never, never do anything. Truly, truly, I pledge my word and honor."

Harkness looked to the right and left and behind. Then he took a step and his foot—

Leda shrieked. "Oh, dear little dear," said her lover, and, taking all the trembling upon himself, into his right hand, he thrust the left into his breast pocket and drew forth the missing comb.

Leda screamed.

"Oh, where did you find it?"

"I didn't find it, my dear," he said coldly, as he adjusted the reins again. "I took it out of your hair myself last night."

A Dog's Fidelity.

In the upper part of the famous Sequatchie valley, in east Tennessee, a man and his wife settled when the country was new and wild. One of the first crops that they raised was a considerable field of cotton. When it was ready to be picked they went out together, prepared to make a holiday out of this pleasant labor. Their one baby was left in a cradle at the edge of the field, and the faithful old dog was instructed to watch the tiny sleeper.

After a considerable time they looked toward the cradle to see if all was well there. They were startled by the discovery that the little couch had been turned completely over. The dog was making queer dives underneath and yelping as if in anger. As they hastened to the place they were horrified to find the animal's jaws covered with blood and instantly came to the conclusion that he had been rending the child with his teeth.

The angry father hit the animal a deathblow with a cudgel and then hastily turned the cradle right side up. There was the baby all unharmed, and there in the bedding was an enormous rattlesnake, killed by the faithful dog after a fierce fight, in which both combatants had received many wounds.—Springfield Republican.

Guns That Saved Lives.

Guns have plenty of uses apart from killing. For instance, the signal gun of a ship is intended solely for announcing her arrival on a coast. Again, in desert countries, where water is often difficult to collect off of a mere dampness of sand, a gun barrel sunk into the ground will collect moisture in the bore, and many a life has been saved by a timely suck at the muzzle.

Minute guns are fired for public mourning, and national rejoicings take the form of a royal salute.

A slaver captured with a cargo of slaves in the tropics was put in charge of a prize crew. On her voyage the water ran short, and the slaves, slavers and prize crew were dying of thirst. This set one of the marines, a sergeant, thinking, and he hit upon a brilliant idea.

After regaining reluctant consent from the captain he took all the available gun barrels, plugged up the breech ends of a few of them, filled their bores with sea water and set them end up among the coals of the galley fire. As the steam rose he ran it through other gun barrels until it got cool. The cooling steam collected in the shape of excellent fresh water, of which he procured a steady though small supply.—London Telegraph.

Strictly Regular.

The darky's fondness for chicken is only equaled by his dexterity in getting possession of the birds. Work considerations of mine and thine do not trouble him in the least. In any event his basis is equal to the strain of a good excuse. Witness the following conversation:

"I see you have chicken for dinner."

"Yessah," says Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I hope you bought the chicken."

"Well, no, but the transaction were strictly regulah. For chicken I has been restin' on my laurel without payin' much in', an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to foh-close!"—Kansas City Independent.

VIRGINIA COURTESY.

By Its Operation Mr. Culpepper Came Into His Own.

It is the story of a polite and polished Virginia gentleman and his landlady, also polite, polished and a Virginian. It rained on a day not long ago, and when Mr. Culpepper looked for his umbrella in the terra cotta tile in the hall it was not there. Mr. Culpepper was far too courteous to say that somebody had taken it. He didn't even say it was gone. He merely looked at the terra cotta tile and cherished regrets. It was raining, and he had no umbrella in. The courteous landlady came upon him and divined his trouble.

"Haven't you any umbrella?" she asked. "Oh, that's too bad! You mustn't think of going out without one just wait a moment till I get you mine."

Mr. Culpepper protested, but when Virginian meets Virginian courtesy is bound to prevail in the end. The landlady went upstairs and presently returned with an umbrella.

"There," said she. "Take it. I shan't need it today, and you are perfectly welcome to it, perfectly welcome."

And the grateful Mr. Culpepper stepped out and unrolled an umbrella which was the very one he had lost. Courteous Virginia gentleman, courteous Virginia landlady, and you needn't ask me how the umbrella came to change owners, for I don't know. Neither does Mr. Culpepper.—Washington Post.

Diagnosing Under Difficulties.

Dr. Smellgus, having consented to Bagdad, arrived with much éclat in an automobile. He held that in a Mohammedan country in Bagdad. One of the wives of a rich merchant fell sick, and Dr. Smellgus was called in to prescribe for her. Without unnecessary scientific interest in the woman physician waited. Enter a large, fine sack. It is the patient. The doctor would like to feel her pulse. So white hand is slipped through an opening. Good. Yes, her tongue, by all means. No eyes, see, thin hand. May see the doctor if a woman may unveil her face. Ah, yes, see her husband outside. Yes, professional interest to be taken in case. Yes, the physician is at least sympathetic. Examination of tongue. Delighted. Has suffered. Says the patient, and does so. Then after a short but thorough diagnosis Dr. Smellgus prescribes, as did Abernethy before him, "A little sun and air."

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1564 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety" and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if any one sent her a ruff nearly as fine as a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £4 or £5, and for the secret of soothing starch they paid gladly a further sum of 20 shillings.

Byron's Fatted Goose.

One of the stories concerning the traditional dish of roast goose on Michaelmas day refers to Lord Byron, says an English newspaper. The poet always insisted in keeping up old customs in small things, such as having hot cross buns on Good Friday and roast goose on Michaelmas day. This last fancy had a grotesque result when he was in Italy. After buying a goose and fearing it might be too lean Byron fed it every day for a month previous to the festival, so that the poet and the bird became so equitably attached that when Sept. 29 arrived he could not kill it, but bought another and had the fat goose swung in a cage under his carriage when he traveled.

The Absent Jacks.

The wife of a Washington street merchant is very fond of roses, especially of the brilliant varieties. By way of reminder she said to the husband the other morning before he started for business:

"I see, my dear, that Jacks are becoming cheaper."

"That may be true," said the husband absently, "but I have known men who would have been willing to pay $100 for one to put with the two already in their hand."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Dictionary.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion, the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage."

Bound to Be Ladylike.

Ethel—What did you do when Gus proposed to you?

Mabel—I was so surprised I puckered up my mouth to whistle, but then I remembered that would be unladylike, so I turned and pressed my lips against his to keep myself from whistling.

A shell from a 12 inch gun makes its flight of nine miles in forty-two seconds.

TABITHA'S FALL FROM THE HEIGHTS

By ELLIOT WALKER.

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"It seems to me, Tabitha, that sometimes you think I don't know anything," observed Peter in a tone of rueful impatience as he stood just inside the kitchen door. His hand held it sufficiently ajar to admit a draft of icy air which circulated freezingly about Miss Groot's well developed shoulders as she kneaded her dough in the bread pan with scrupulous thrift.

"Observin' man!" responded the lady. "At certain periods, Pete, I have discovered faint glimmerin's of intelligence under that shock of tow-colorin' what in most folks is considered a brain pan'fly, but not often, nor often. Boo! What's open?"

She whooled her plump figure with an emphatic movement and transfixed the thoughtless Peter with a glare of disapproval.

Tabitha was a student, not in the ordinary sense, but of the rare variety which assiduously seeks for an enlargement of knowledge, her special ambition being the acquisition of language. Unhappily, or perhaps otherwise, her opportunities were limited. The Bluffield Gazette was her principal source of information, and quite regularly once a week supplied an effective course of general information.

In this school of wisdom Tabitha delved for words of ambitious length. These nuggets after mental assimilation were applied to Peter as a test. If he endured them without wincing and with some degree of respect Miss Groot felt secure in her position. Peter had served time of the district school in the heyday of early youth and was therefore a subject. Being conscious with admiration for Tabitha's qualities, physical as well as mental, he was also a willing pupil.

Now he stood with a ready finger on the door latch, for Miss Groot could propel dough balls unerringly when aroused, and eyed her with an expression of sheepish pacification.

"Come in or go out," cried Tabitha in high wrath, forgetting her scholarship. "Here'm I, all het up workin' on you tryin' to fix consumption on to me. Shet that door one way or t'other."

"It's worth while gettin' you mad to hear you talk like a human bein'," grinned the culprit with a horrible absence of tact. "My head aches yet from the dose you gimme last night. Folks will be talkin' at you first, you know. Fact is, ja an' me does now behind your back, an', while I believes in edjication, having had some myself, you're slingin' too many long words for a red gal if you are the purtiest woman in Partridge Corners. I'arn all you want, Tabitha, but don't shoot 'em around free. You'll hear from it, sir!"—

This speech of mingled common sense and unintentional insult and compliment was cut off by a lump of dough striking him squarely in the mouth. He darted out, sputtering.

Tabitha raged across the room and shot the bolt, her round countenance flaming. Then she bit hard on her rosy under lip and sat down to recover, a precept of learning being an attempt at philosophic calm under trying circumstances.

"Let's see," she ruminated. "Go slow, now, Tab. Think. Pete's edgin' up to—to matrimonial overtoors—that's right—correct, I mean. You're assistin' his ma in household duties an' just as good as he is—hired gal—that was mean. The flesh is willin', but the spirit is weakenin'. Eswan—that is, I utterly sweet—that I won't give such a fool another thought. 'Twill be a mistake. My ideas is more elevated, an' I'll rise with 'em. Oh, ginger, my bread!"

Miss Groot signed as culinary operations were resumed. "The farm will come to Peter in the ordinary course of events," she reflected sorrowfully. "It's a good one, an' his pa's talkin', but no an edjied mind has higher aspirations than cows an' pigs, an' I'll be at the head of a woman's college if I keep on. I ain't only nineteen, an impressive, of learnin', if I do say it. Wonder how I'll look in one of them gowns with a four cornered hat atop of my auburn locks. Imposin' as any of 'em, I guess."

This modest view of the future exalted Tabitha's spirit as she shoved her loaves into the oven.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, striking an attitude. "Laugh at me, will they? I'll start the laugh t'other way an' do it today. 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' as Emerson says. He oughter have said 'unite or attach,' but the idea ain't discouragin,' an' I'll pitch right in an' get attention attracted. Then Mis' Shields can look round for other help. Maybe they'll want me in their office right away."

Poor Peter! During the ensuing ten days he was frozen with a succession of refrigerating snubs and cold repulses which cast him into the depths of despondency. Tabitha appeared absorbed in rapt contemplation of a star beyond the universe. She was silent, yet expectant, as one waiting for a message of unbounded import. Still he lingered mournfully at the door on of Miss Groot's forbidding mien, with an eye to lending an assisting hand. It was not desired. Neither was conversation. Peter visibly drooped.

Then came Thursday evening and the Bluffield Gazette. Peter welcomed it and at once repaired to the kitchen and held it out as a peace offering. Perhaps this beloved messenger would produce a beneficent thaw.

The girl's eyes shone, and her cheeks were like peonies. "Look it over," she remarked in a lofty voice. "If you find anything about me read it aloud."

Peter glanced through the pages and started. "Lordy!" he exclaimed. "You have got in the paper!"

"Read it," commanded Miss Groot, sitting up excitedly, "then laugh if you want to."

The young man commenced:

A GENEROUS OFFER.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Tabitha Groot of Partridge Corners for a satisfied smile from that lady for the extremely kind communication herewith printed at her request. Our readers, we are positive, will appreciate it as a contribution to be valued.

"To the Editor of The Gazette:

"Admired Sir—Eighteen months or perusal of your esteemed publication has endowed me with undoubted qualifications for achievements along educational lines, and I hereby proffer to you the advantages of my services for $10 a week—being now attained to the age of nineteen years, strong, healthy and of commendable appearance—for the furtherance of the interests of your interesting periodical and to enable myself to be elevated to be an inmate of some desirable institution in future where my talents will receive due appreciation.

"Address me in care of Mrs. Timothy Shields, Partridge Corners. I am waiting for her. Print this, please. With my best respects,

"TABITHA KITTREDGE GROOT."

We deeply deplore our inability to avail ourselves of Miss Groot's courteous proposition and trust our correspondent will pardon us for trifling changes in her letter made necessary for the enlightenment of our readers. Our sincere advice to this young lady is a decided opinion that she keep right on working for Mrs. Shields of Partridge Corners until time shall bring her a modicum of common sense and some knowledge of English composition, whether desirable institution will surely be the poorhouse.

A cry of agony from Tabitha stopped Peter's labored enunciation. He did not laugh, but sprang from his chair and held the bowed head in his great hands, with his face against her bright hair.

"Never mind, dear," he whispered, "if they don't want you, I do. Look up, Tabitha. Say you will."

The girl, still sobbing, lifted her tear stained face and nestled. Her lover kissed her in a rush of relief. Then Tabitha spoke, but her speech was emphatic. "I'll never look inside that old paper again," she said.

Whistler Was Particular.

I saw that marvelous set of etchings printed. In fact, the bulk of the set were printed in my own printing room, a room which I had especially arranged for the master, and it was in this little printing room of mine that Whistler taught me the art of printing from the copper plate. This was my first insight into Whistler as a great master, and one of his characteristics as a great master was that he would have perfection. No matter how small the detail it must be perfect. To begin with, he always insisted upon having old paper upon which to print his etchings and preferably Dutch because of a certain golden tone, unobtainable with new paper, which this particular kind gave to a proof. Many a time Whistler and I have spent weeks in Holland poking about dirty little ships in search of old paper, and sometimes, after having discovered a fine collection of 3,000 or 4,000 sheets, I have seen Whistler literally tremble with excitement and scarcely know how to ask the price for joy. Then again he was very particular as to the choice of oil for mixing with the ink; also with regard to the temperature of the plate, the pressure of the press, the condition of the blankets, and, in fact, everything had to be absolutely right.—Mortimer Menpes in Studio.

The Top Hat.

Tall hats, "perking up like the spire of a steeple a quarter of a yard above the crowne," as a sixteenth century writer describes them, were known in the time of Elizabeth, and the Puritans affected them until they merged into the old fashioned beaver of our great-grandfathers' days. Top hats of silk appeared first in Florence about 1800, and twenty years later silk hats with felt bodies were introduced into England.

About 1840 the French silk hat was placed on the market and it was adopted in the familiar "chimney pot" shape. There were several varieties of it, such as the Wellington hat, with the yeoman crown; the Anglesea hat, half stamped at the top, and the D'Orsay hat, with ribbed silk binding and a big bow.

The color also varied. Thus, the Earl of Harrington started a craze for green top hats by wearing one in his garden with the idea of not frightening the birds. He also tested his silk hats by standing upon them. The top hat, however, was never so favored by any great personage as to account for its general adoption.—London Answers.

Got His Money's Worth.

A lady palmist was recently prosecuted, and an amusing incident was noted in connection with the case. One of the witnesses called by the police was an individual who did not appear to be overburdened with intelligence. During a smart cross examination defendant's counsel asked him:

"On first going into the room did you not shilling for to the defendant?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What did she tell you in return for the money?"

"Oh," said the witness, "she towld me lots o' things, some on 'em true, some on 'em half true an' some on 'em lees."

"Now," continued the counsel after the laughter had died away, "this is the point I wish to get at: Was there any attempt at imposition? Did the lady impose upon you at all?"

"Oh, dear, no!" was the response. "I knowed it wor all gammon, so there couldn't be no imposition. Besides, it wor a half shillin' as I guy her to start wi'!"—Tit-Bits.

HISTORY OF THE ANCHOR.

Various Improvements That Have Been Made in Its Shape.

The ships anchors in general used up to the beginning of the last century consisted of a long, round iron shank, having two comparatively short, straight arms or flukes, inclined to the shank at an angle of about 40 degrees and meeting it in a somewhat sharp point at the crown. In large anchors the bulky wooden stock was built up of several pieces, bound together the whole tapering outward to the ends, especially on the aft or cable side. About the beginning of the last century a clerk in the Plymouth naval yard, Perling by name, suggested certain improvements, the most important of which was making the arms curve instead of straight. At first sight this simple change may seem of little value, but consideration will show that this is not the case. The holding power of an anchor depends on two principal conditions, namely, the extent of useful holding surface and the amount of vertical penetration. The latter quality is necessary on account of the nature of ordinary sea bottoms, the surface layers of which are generally tenacious and resisting than is the ground a short distance below.

In the year 1831 chain cables began to supersede the hempen ones, with the result that the long shanked anchors hitherto in vogue were no longer necessary, and anchors with shorter shanks and with heavier and stronger crowns gradually came into use. In consequence of these changes a commission was appointed in the year 1838 to inquire into the holding power of anchors, and a principal result of its labors was the adoption of those called admiralty pattern anchor, which continued to be used in the navy up to the year 1880. The invention of the steam hammer in 1842, made the welding of heavy masses of iron a comparatively easy and reliable process, so that from this time onward the strength of anchors fully kept pace with that of the chain cables which had come into general use.

A number of patents for anchors were taken out prior to the great exhibition of 1851, and, public attention having been called to the models there shown, in the following year a committee was appointed by the admiralty to report on the qualifications of anchors of the various kinds. Practical trials were then instituted, and as a result Trotman's anchor took the highest place, Rodger's anchor being second on the list. Some of the tests to which the anchors were submitted were of doubtful value, such, for instance, as "facility for sweeping." Nowadays, however, at all events for deep ships in shallow harbors, it is considered an advantage for an anchor to offer as little obstruction as possible above the ground.—Science Siftings.

Cause For Rejoicing.

Judge Shaw in his latter days was reverenced by the people of Massachusetts as if he were a demigod, but in his native county of Barnstable he was reverenced as a god. One winter when the supreme court held a special session at Barnstable for the trial of a capital case Judge Merrick, who was one of the judges, came out of the courthouse just at nightfall, when the whole surface of the earth was covered with ice and slush, slipped and fell heavily, breaking three of his ribs. He was taken up and carried to his room at the hotel and lay on a soft waiting for the doctor to come. While the judge lay groaning and in agony the old janitor of the courthouse, who had helped pick him up, wiped off the wet from his clothes and said to him, "Judge Merrick, how thankful you must be it was not the chief justice!" Poor Merrick could not help laughing, though his broken ribs were lacerating his flesh.—George F. Hoar in Scribner's.

Fiji Hairdressing.

No one has visited Fiji in the past without being astonished at the fearful and wonderful styles of hairdressing. They are geometrical, monumental, pyramidal and trapezoidal. An additional factor in this production of the grotesque is that the hair varies in color as lime varies in bleaching power or as the juice of the mangrove in coloring matter. Between black and white the colors run through the blue black and all the shades of red and yellow. Often half the hair is not and the other half white, giving a kind of piebald effect.

It Depends.

Floorwalker—Vases? Yes, ma'am. Right up this aisle. Bargains from 25 cents up.

Next Shopper—You have a display of vawses today?

Same Floorwalker—Vawses? Yes, madam. Down the next aisle, please. Bargains from $25 up.—Exchange.

He Needed Encouragement.

"Do you try to be contented with poverty, my man?" asked the rich donor.

"I'm afraid not," answered the hard up delinquent, "but just try me with riches and see how contented I'd be."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Basis.

"But, after all, is not good digestion the basis of beauty?"

"Aye, what else may change the grub into the butterfly?" exclaimed Beatrice, attacking the stylish zestfully.—Detroit Free Press.

Down and Out.

Upton—Say, isn't that richly dressed woman across the street your cook?

Suburb—No. We did make our home with her for a while, but she discharged us last week.—Buffalo News.

History repeats itself. You cannot find the age of a woman in the Bible.

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INFLUENCE OF TURKEY IN ART

A Thanksgiving Story by Ernest Jarrold

Copyright, 1906, by Ernest Jarrold.

THE ten pound Vermont turkey garnished with water cress stood in the center of the table flanked by a dish of crimson cranberries, eloquent of gustatory piquancy. A stalwart celery root, crisp as the Thanksgiving air outside, glistened in the gaslight, and an old gold pumpkin pie completed the menu of a farewell dinner given by Edith Chadwick, contralto, to John Graham, coal dealer. In carving the turkey John had dexterously placed upon Edith's plate the piece containing the wishbone. She held it up with a cry of delight. John's muscular fingers grasped one prong of the wishbone and Edith's rosy fingers the other.

"Have you thought of your wish?" said John.

"Yes," replied Edith. "Have you?"

"For two years it has been uppermost in my heart," said John.

"Pull, then!" exclaimed Edith.

There was an instant of suspense, then a snap, and the large portion of the wishbone remained in John's hand.

"How provoking!" pouted Edith.

"How gratifying!" echoed John. "Shall I tell you what my wish was

"PULL, THEN!" EXCLAIMED EDITH.

and is?" said he, with speaking eyes, as he arose.

"No, John; it is of no use. You know I am betrothed to my art."

"Art! Bosh!" said John irritably. "Don't you know, Edith, that your art means the quest of the ideal, a will-o'-the-wisp that vanishes before the claims of hunger and thirst? Be sensible and marry me instead of going to Paris."

"Why, John, how can you propose such a thing?" exclaimed Edith. "Pass me the celery. Marry you and settle down here in Edenia and waste my talent singing in this suburban Yankee town at church festivals and funerals! How ridiculous! You ought to know me better than that. Professor Perkins told me today that he could teach me no more and that it would be a great loss to art if I threw myself away in this little isolated town when two years' hard work abroad would put me in the prima donna class. Why, John, even you have praised my talent."

"Yes," said John sadly, looking at the beautiful young woman with longing eyes, "and that is why I want you all to myself."

"Very selfish of you, John, dear," said Edith, with kindling cheeks, "and also very flattering. But think, John, of your joy at hearing of my success at La Scala in Milan or at Berlin or the other great musical centers of Europe! How proud you will be of me then, for I want your approbation! Frankly, John, I like you very much, but the voice of art is imperative; it will not be denied."

Here Edith helped herself to a large triangle of pumpkin pie, flaky and delicious.

"Yes, I know," replied John, "it is better to be a nightingale than an oyster, but you cannot eat the nightingale, and you can the oyster. How much is your legacy, Edith?"

"Three hundred dollars per year," said Edith defiantly, "payable semi-annually in Uncle Sam's crisp notes, and you can live awfully cheap in Paris, John."

"Yes, and have very cheap fare," said John dryly. "You will have to pay at least half of your income for tuition fees, and that will leave you $150 per year for living expenses. Three dollars per week is a very small sum, Edith. I should hate to think you were suffering, dear. Oh, confound it all, stay with me! I am making $3,000 a year selling coal. You are easily the first vocalist in the county. Be an empress of song in a small kingdom. The artistic temperament is a fine thing, no doubt, but it cannot put up with indifferent fare and poor lodging survive. You may get pate de foie gras in Paris, but I'm willing to wager that you can't get a taste of Vermont turkey there. And as for this delicious pumpkin pie, there isn't a piece of Yankee pumpkin pie from the English channel to Belgium."

"You are incorrigible, John," said Edith laughingly as she helped herself to a second piece of pie. "Cannot you see that all great and high art must be purchased by suffering? Such little deprivations as turkey and pumpkin pie are the least of its penalties. Think of being in the world of Sembrich, of Albani, of Paderewski—of thrilling 3,000 hearts with a cadenza! John, my dear fellow, you cannot understand it. You haven't the faintest idea of the ecstasy of artistic achievement. The Parnassus of art means coal and pie and turkey to you. But never mind, John. You are a dear fellow for all that. If I could marry any man your would be the one. Let's adjourn to the parlor and sing our farewell duet."

The duet proved to be Rubinstein's "Wanderer's Night Song," to please Edith, and of course they had to sing Abt's "When I Know That Thou Art Near Me" to please John, while Reichardt's "Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far" came in for a share of vocal attention. And when the village clock struck 11 and they stood in the hallway there were tenderness and compassion in Edith's voice as she said:

"I'm sorry, John, that it cannot be as you wish, and"—

"What did you do with your share of the wishbone?" interrupted John.

"Here it is, in my handkerchief," replied Edith.

"Promise me if art proves to be an elusive lover that these two pieces may be reunited again," said John as he took the other piece from his pocket. And Edith promised.

* * * * * * *

"I should like to write an essay on 'The Influence of Turkey in Art,'" said John Graham as he turned sadly away from the railway station after bidding goodby to Edith. Nor did the knowledge which he gained from books regarding studious life in Paris tend to make him more cheerful. At first Edith's letters were filled with enthusiasm. The architecture of the churches, the beauties of the museums and the almost infinite variety found in the life of a city famed for its artistic perfection filled her with delight. But after the novelty of first impressions had faded away the letters came more rarely. Reading between the lines, John could readily see that Edith had settled down to the hard work required for vocal perfection, and he realized with grim humor that hard work is as distasteful in Paris as in Vermont. Still a great compassion filled his heart when he realized that perhaps his jocular theory of turkey in art might have been put to a practical test. This idea was forcibly borne out by his accidental meeting with a schoolfellow in Boston who had just returned from a continental tour.

"Do you know," said his friend, "that I had quite an adventure in Paris. While there I met an old friend of yours—Miss Edith Chadwick—who is studying for the operatic stage. At her invitation I called at her apartments. When I say that I mean that she was occupying two small rooms with three other young American women. Seriously, John, those girls are starving themselves in order to soar in the realm of art, as they express it, a gibberish I never could understand. When I called the girls were dining on crackers and lemon tea. They tried to tell me the meal was simply a dejeuner, but I knew they had nothing more to eat, judging from the meager furnishings in the rooms. I took them all to the Cafe de la Paix and filled them up, and during the meal they talked of nothing but sweet corn and buckleberry biscuit, chocolate cake and apple pie. I am positive, Graham, that those girls haven't the commonest comforts of life. As for Miss Chadwick, you would scarcely recognize her, she was so thin

"I HAD QUITE AN ADVENTURE IN PARIS."

and white. I hinted that if she needed any money I could help her out, but she gave me the glassy eye and froze me stiff. By the way, Graham, she sent an enigmatical message to you—something about a wishbone. Oh, that hit you, I see," as John flushed to the roots of his hair. "Well, so long, old man; I must be off." And the friend vanished in the maelstrom of Washington street.

* * * * * * *

Late in the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving John Graham staggered up four flights of stairs leading to the salon occupied by Edith Chadwick and her friends. He carried a heavy hamper on his shoulder. Behind him came the concierge carrying a large tin can. Miss Chadwick was out. Would he come in and wait for her? said the young woman who came to the door. After the necessary explanations the menage apartment resembled a beehive. John unpacked the hamper and lifted out a ten pound Vermont turkey. Next came two big pumpkin pies "such as mother used to make," followed by a milk bottle of cranberry sauce, a loaf of homemade bread, a chocolate cake and two glass jars of apple sauce. Edith swayed and would have fallen when she opened the door had not John caught and saved her from collapse by threatening to read his paper on the influence of turkey in art, and then the gastronomic revel began. It was a Lucullian orgy, an enchantment of deglutition to the expatriated girls. And when the solids were disposed of John produced the tin can of cider and a quart of Virginia peanuts. But let us throw the shells on the floor, pile the dishes in the corner and go out into the hall with Edith and John.

"Well," said John, holding her hand, "are you not finding your song Parnassus pretty steep?"

"Yes, John, and there are no Americanisms on route."

"And the wishbone?"

"It has been my talisman."

"Then I have your permission to write a paper on 'The Influence of Wishbones In Matrimony?'"

The answer must have been of an encouraging nature, for John ran down the stairs three steps at a time whistling "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"I HAD QUITE AN ADVENTURE IN PARIS."

Errors of Negro Dialect.

Our northern friends seem to know as little about negro lore as they know about negro character. If they write "dat" for "is" and "b" for "v" or "th" and ring in a "done" in most unexpected places and write "massy" for "mahster" they think they are writing negro dialect. They have manufactured a dialect of their own and stick to it. It is strange to us that they do not study the writings of Joel Chandler Harris, Frank Stanton, Tom Paine, Pork Miller and other southern authorities. If so they would save themselves many a blunder.

One of the most notable blunders the northern dialect writers make is the use of the word "massa" for the genuine negro word "marster." Strange enough, some southern writers of the new generation have fallen into the same error. If we remember, Miss Winnie Davis in one of her books puts the counterfeit into the mouth of one of her negro characters. We have often wondered where the counterfeit came from. Surely we never heard a slave say "massa," and we have never seen any southern man who did. Perhaps it originated in the old song, "Massa's In de Col' Col' Ground." But where did the composer of the song get the word? Does anybody know? We have repeatedly asked the question and have never received a satisfactory reply.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The First Spectacles.

Most authorities put the invention of spectacles to the credit of Alexander de Spina, a monk of Pisa, in 1285. But Dr. Plott will have it that they were invented five years earlier by Roger Bacon. The quotation from Bacon's "Opus Majus" runs thus: "This instrument, a plano convex glass, is useful to old men and to those who have weak eyes, for they may see the smallest letters sufficiently magnified."

This certainly does not claim the invention for Bacon. On the other hand, in a sermon published in 1305 by Friar Jordan de Rivalto he says, "Not twenty years since the art of making spectacles was found out," thus placing it in 1285. Spina's agreed on date and seven years before Bacon's death.

Marini attributes them to Salvino, who died in 1317, and points to the inscription on his tomb at Florence: "Here lies Salvino degli Armati, inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins." Possibly the cumbersome horn or tortoise shell frames of those days, which gained for them the name of "goggles," dictated the last sentence.

Eating One's Gods.

The gods of a South American tribe of Indians are generally looked upon as sacred, but when the gods become a nuisance it is time to put an end to them. At least, that is what a certain tribe along the Yabari river think. They worship the iguana and monkey, but as soon as the iguana started eating chickens they thought it time to stop worshiping him and to eat him in place of the chickens he had eaten. This they do, and they prefer iguana stew to chicken fricassee.

Raising the Limit.

"Don't you think that the ideals of statesmanship are higher now than they used to be?"

"Sure they are," answered Senator Sorghum. "I've known the time when $500 was considered big money. Now you can't get a man that amounts to anything to look at less than $10,000."—Washington Star.

His Feeling Faculty.

"I don't see anything remarkable in that mule," said the prospective purchaser, "except that he's stone blind."

"Yes, suh," replied the mule's proprietor, "he blin' in his eye, but you des orter see him feel fer you wid his heels!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Profit With the Brush.

"Do you think it possible for a man who is clever with the brush to make a living these days?" asked the discouraged artist.

"Yes," responded the cruel cynic, "if he is a bootblack."—Philadelphia Record.

JOHN CAUGHT AND SAVED HER FROM COLLAPSE.

AN OLD CHURCH BELL

IT CAME FROM LISBON AND HANGS IN A NANTUCKET CHURCH

The Story of Its Purchase by Captain Clasby and Its Transportation to This Country—A Very Good Clock and a Very Fine Bell.

Beneath the outlook in a Nantucket church is the belfry, in which swings the "old Spanish bell." Knowing that this is now a Unitarian church, the visitor will be surprised to see a Catholic cross on the bell. If he could read Portuguese and had not previously acquainted himself with the history of the bell he would be still more surprised at the inscription on it. The translation of this inscription is as follows: "To the Good Jesus of the Mountain the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him the complete set of six bells, to call the people to adore Him in His sanctuary. Jose Domingos Dacosta has made it in Lisbon in the year 1810." Of course the bell must have an interesting history to account for this inscription. That history is briefly as follows:

A plague was raging in Lisbon and certain people in that city prayed to the Virgin Mary for the cessation of the plague and vowed to place a set of six bells in the Church of the Good Jesus of the Mountain if their prayers were heard. "The Mountain" is the name of a certain district in the city of Lisbon in which there is a very venerable church called as above. Shortly after this the plague ceased, and, accepting this as the answer to their prayers, these devotees of Lisbon proceeded to fulfill their vows. The work of casting those six bells was intrusted to Jose Domingos Dacosta, the best bell founder in Lisbon.

The six bells had been cast, the master's labors had been crowned with success, when Captain Clasby of the Nantucket whaling fleet chanced to visit Lisbon. He had long wished to buy a bell for use in his native town. In company with Captain Cary he visited the bell foundry of Jose Domingos Dacosta. Captain Cary, it seems, was a connoisseur in bells. Dacosta applied the lever to one bell after another as he struck each to ascertain its peculiar tone or tone quality, but each time Captain Cary said, "That will not do."

At last Dacosta raised and struck the bell whose history we are describing. Captain Cary was delighted with the result. "Ah, Clasby," he said, "you need look no further. That's the bell you want. She is a beauty. She sounds all B."

"Well, sir," remarked Dacosta, "we consider that to be the finest bell that we have in our foundry."

At first Dacosta demurred, and could not see his way clear to selling the bell, since it belonged to the set of chimes designed for the Church of the Good Jesus of the Mountain and was appropriately inscribed and all, but Captain Clasby would have no other. Finally Dacosta decided, since the bell had not yet been consecrated and since he could cast another to take its place, that it would be all right to sell.

So Captain Clasby bought the bell, and it was brought to Nantucket by Captain Cary, whose vessel was going home first. In Lisbon, just before he set sail, Captain Cary heard of the declaration of war with Great Britain, for it was now the year 1812. On the way over they were spoken by a British sloop of war. Fortunately the Britisher had been at sea for some time and had not yet heard of the declaration of war. The commander asked Captain Cary the news, but Captain Cary says he took especial pains not to tell all he knew. If he had told, our precious bell would probably never have seen Nantucket. It might now be either at the bottom of the sea or it might be swinging in the tower of some English church.

The bell was landed in Nantucket and placed in the store cellar of Samuel Cary, where it remained until 1815, when it was purchased and placed in the tower where it now hangs. About $500 was given for the bell—the society paid about $350 and the rest was raised by subscription. Even some Friends or Quakers subscribed.

After the bell had been in use a little while the agents of the historic Old South church in Boston heard of it, and they sent a letter to the agents of the South church in Nantucket, saying that they had a very good clock in their tower, but no bell; that they had heard that the South church in Nantucket had a very fine bell, and they would like to know for how much the bell could be bought.

The Nantucketers replied that they had a very fine bell in their tower, but no clock; that they had heard that the Old South church had a very fine tower clock, and that they would like to know the price of the clock.

The agents offered to pay $1 a pound for the bell. Since the bell weighs 1,575 pounds, this would have made the price $1,575, making a net profit of $1,075 above the price paid for the bell and $1,225 above the amount contributed by the society. It seems that the old Nantucketers must have had some sentiment after all and were not purely mercantile in their spirit.

If the Nantucketers had agreed to sell, as they might have done, our bell would probably be hanging in the historic tower of Old South church in Boston today. That might have been a great honor for the bell, but it would have been a great deprivation for Nantucket. Moreover, it would now be spending its time in elegant leisure instead of being a very useful bell where it is. The history of this bell is like a veritable parable of human life. The possibilities which occur in the history of the bell remind us of the possibilities which abound in every life.—Cor. Springfield Republican.

Fame.

"How do they get on together?"

"Famously! They quarrel continually, and their quarrels all get into the newspapers."—Life.

The range of hearing in adults under fifty-five years of age is approximately 16,000 to 48,000 vibrations per second.

Before Marriage.

Fuddy—There would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world if men and women would try to find out each other's disposition during courtship instead of doing their best to deceive one another.

Duddy—Yes, I guess there would be, as you say: fewer unhappy marriages. In fact, there would be fewer marriages of any kind, I guess.—Boston Transcript.

In the Dark.

"So he kissed you, did he?"

"Yes."

"I'm astonished!"

"So was I. You see, he met me in a dark corner of the plazza, and"—

"Oh! In a dark corner! That explains it."—Chicago Post.

Did you ever notice the indecision of a woman about choosing a seat in a street car with but few passengers?—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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